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IDONE; OR, INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A DREAMER.

"Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep."
MACBETH.

"A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye."
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

PART III.

"He'll be hanged yet!
Though every drop of water swear against it."—Tempest.

Some time after the events just narrated, I was sent abroad by Government on a particular duty.

About a month after we had weighed anchor, our slumbers were, late one night, disturbed by the ominous cry of "Breakers ahead!" All hands rushed on deck. The ship had struck on a coral reef, fortunately not far from land. The ship's boats were quickly got out, and our small company soon reached the shore in safety. We all slept together that night in a deserted hut, which happily was discovered to us by the uncertain light of the setting moon.

On awaking in the morning, I was deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene—the rude huts, (the sometime abode perhaps of the turtle fisher,) the dense low brushwood, interspersed with dwarfish Palmyra trees, the long line of golden sands on which the crisped waves were rippling, and the solitary sun rising in unclouded splendour from the bosom of ocean! The old brig was rolling heavily amongst the breakers, and we were sufficiently near to hear the measured flapping of its bleached sails against the masts.

Our frugal breakfast consisted of biscuits, which we ate under a canopy formed by the national flag hastily stretched on four upright spars.

From a lofty range of mountains, which we observed in the

distance, it was evident that we were not, as at first supposed, on a small island, and in the course of the day we ascertained that there was a large town about twenty miles to the westward.

THERE is society where none intrudes.
CHILDE HAROLD.

NEXT day having procured a guide, we left one of our party to watch the few articles which we had saved from the wreck, and proceeded to the town. There we called on the Chief Magistrate, who with great humanity gave us a temporary asylum in his own house; and supplied us with every necessary. I was fortunate enough to ingratiate myself into the favor of this civic dignitary, and, as in the course of conversation I had often mentioned my predilection for a country-life, he very considerately bestowed on me the appointment, then vacant, of Steward on his estates in the mountains.

These estates were situate on the northern slopes of the mountains, and although of no great value, yet they afforded a pleasant retreat from the sultriness of the plains in summer.

The scenery is magnificent! Precipitous rocks clothed in the richest verdure, and embellished with flowers of every hue, tower far above the circuitous pathway, while on the other hand are [illegible]ful precipices and wild ravines, in whose depths the scanty strea[illegible] are scarcely heard [illegible] murmur. Far below are the plains, and beyond them the horizon is bounded by the wide expanse of ocean.

A mountain life is full of pleasing natural incidents, and in the solitude of these elevated regions the ideas seem almost to partake of their loftiness; they become more abstract and independant, an influence which has often been observed in the general characteristics of mountain races.

But I felt the necessity of companionship, even in these beautiful sanctuaries of Nature. The mind becomes fatigued, in the absence of a congenial friend, with sustaining a monologue in the fantastic dramas which it creates.

'THERE the most dainty paradise on ground,
Itself doth offer to his sober eye."

DESCENDING into one of the valleys, or rather ravines, I soon lost sight of the hardy fir trees, but their place was well supplied by the richer foliage of the walnut and the apricot. The narrow footpaths were now bordered with violets, strawberries, potentillas and other charming little plants. Here and there a silvery spring would gush forth from some ferny cleft in the rocks, and tumbling along in miniature cascades at length subside into quiet streams that murmured soothingly as they glided away, and were lost amongst clumps of the beautiful 'Marvel of Peru.' These tiny streams were often shaded by the willow, and the wild musk rose and the graceful narcissus still drooped on the margin at the reflection of its tender blossoms.

What with the murmur and tinkling of brooks and rills, the pure azure of heaven, the warbling of birds, and the faint breeze that scarcely had strength to turn an aspen leaf, I almost ceased to remember that I was one of the world's busy denizens, and might have fancied myself in the Garden of 'Armida' dreaming away existence. But a change

was at hand. The sky became overcast. Heavy clouds began to gather about the mountain peaks. A dark mass, like a pall, unfolded itself in the North. Smaller clouds, like couriers, scudded hither and thither in the wildest disorder. The mountain above me was soon enveloped in a dense mist. Large thunder drops began to fall. Then arose a furious squall, and the rain descended in torrents. Thunder reverberated from rock to rock, and the most brilliant flashes of lightning shot through the gloom. Occasionally through a break in the clouds, might be seen the distant slope of some mountain bright with the beams of the sun, and showing like some precious emerald set in heaven!

For a few seconds there was a lull, and light wreaths of mist again began to rally in the valleys and rush up the distant peaks, as though preparing for farther strife, but it was now near sunset. The storm had exhausted itself, and the sun burst forth in the West from a bank of golden clouds; a perfect rainbow spanned the valley and painted the rocks on either side with its brilliant tints. It was a solemn sight. Nature seemed to have wept herself to repose. What a contrast to the fury which had so late possessed her!

Though dripping wet, I lingered until the shades of evening had begun to fall. [illegible]

There is one parti[illegible] peak i[illegible] this mountain range w[illegible] o[illegible] to its being cut off from its neighbours by deep ravines and perpendicular rocks, had never been explored.

I had lost my way on my return home, when on rounding a corner, I was arrested by [illegible] formidable object. I appeared to be miles above the vast plain that lay stretched out beneath me. *There*, large forests seemed no more than patches of green moss, and noble rivers were dwindled into skeins of silver thread. While gazing at this wondrous carpet, an aged man approached, and asked me to assist him in ascending the rocks on the other side of the ravine. I did not altogether relish the proposal, but as he appeared somewhat offended, and began the task alone, a feeling of shame as well as of compassion induced me to follow him. I required all my nerves for the occasion. I grasped at every little projection in my perilous ascent. Whenever I saw the yellow-rock-rose had found a home in some crevice in which the drifting dust of years had lodged, I fastened my nails and clung on, scarcely daring to breathe. Several times I felt my nerves tremble, but I shook off the dangerous symptom, for any hesitation would have proved fatal to me, as my safety depended on my rapidity and precision of movement. At length I reached the summit, and as I flung forward my body on the withered turf, and slowly drew my legs up after a shudder passed through me, and I crawled from the brink of the precipice. The old man was be-[illegible], and was smiling compla-[illegible] On the summit, with a [illegible] piece of table-land in front, [illegible] a [illegible] temple, which we [illegible]. To my surprise and chagrin it contained nothing but a [illegible]wing."

"Time has wrought a great change on me since last we met," said my companion, with a sinister smile.

"I cannot remember ever having seen you before," I replied; "and, moreover, I am a stranger in this country."

"Well, well! It matters not. I am old now, it is true, but I can still enjoy the diversions of my youth." Saying which the old man seated himself in the "swing" with very unbecoming levity, but hastily getting off, he asked me to take his place, while he should go and procure some wild raspberries and milk for supper. With a smile I humoured his whim, but I had hardly been seated, when my treacherous companion, with furious energy, seized the "swing," and propelled it with such violence, that I was alternately lost in the farthest gloom of the cave, and then launched forth above the awful abyss. My life was in jeopardy. A sudden dizziness came over me, and unconsciousness at length secured me from further suffering.

"He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn."

"Ancient Mariner."

I know not how long a period had elapsed since my adventure on the isolated peak. The first thing I recollect afterwards was being borne along on a rude litter by some mountaineers, to a small inn, where a clumsy old carriage having been procured, I was conveyed to the neighbouring town of B. On the road I was scarce able to open my eyes, for the glare and heat were intolerable. Towards evening I began to feel better, and asked for water at one of the stages. It was brought to me in a clumsy earthen pot, and was by no means cool, yet I never relished anything more.

It was a clear moonlight night. The breeze was cool and refreshing, and I fell into a gentle slumber. When I awoke it was nearly dawn, but the moon was still shining, and I perceived that we had entered the town. The battlements of the fort, the old castellated mansions and ruined towers and domes of this ancient suburb, stood forth black and boldly in the pale moonlight. In the hour and scene there was something striking. The city lay hushed in repose, and its inhabitants were probably indulging their vagaries in the mimic world of dreams! The only wakeful creature which I saw was a lean dog, who, on hearing our approach, skulked away from some unsavoury repast.

At sunrise my conveyance drew up at the door of a small hotel. I alighted, and retired without delay to a private apartment, and was in the act of undressing to go to bed, when my attention was attracted by persons in the adjoining room conversing with great earnestness.

"Why this mysterious persecution?" said a soft female voice.

"The trials of virtue," replied her interlocutor, "are not persecution. Because a shell is placed in the way of a youth, there is no reason why he should cut short his journey, and stay to listen to its murmurs."

"No: but can you blame the thirsty Arab who goes astray to reach the illusive water of the desert?"

"True," rejoined the harsh voice; "but to this foolish youth is left a choice. Yet, instead of adapting himself to the happy circumstances in which fortune has so often placed him,

he exhausts all his energies in the unavailing pursuit of the phantom 'Idone,' whom he fondly believes to be no other than 'Zoe.' His love is now only a combination of curiosity, vanity, obstinacy, and selfishness. His principles are the bastards of circumstance. His religion a metaphysical patchwork. His love is merely the selfish desire of engrossing the affection of another, and therefore he meets his reward in a shadow! Great souls do not build their hopes on the vanities of life, or make the pursuit of pleasure their business. It is not in the rose-bush that the eagle's eyry is found!"

"He may yet see his errors," said the softer voice. "There is a secret integrity, a moral palladium in the human heart, and until he parts with *that*, no man is irretrievably lost."

I was much surprised, for there was no doubt that I had been the subject of this strange dialogue. I called a servant, and enquired what persons occupied the adjoining apartment; but servants, unless paid for their information, generally are ignorant, or cannot understand one; consequently all that my questions could elicit was that the old gentleman and young lady had just departed in their carriage.

"How infinitely preferable," I mused, "instead of this life of constant turmoil, were it to live in peace and content, even in the humblest capacity in one's native place, watching with delight the familiar change of seasons, and waiting for the attendant flowers, as though they were our own children, returning home at the holidays! But roaming from place to place, although it may expand the intellect, contracts the heart. We become sad or sarcastic; we never act on impulse; our passions lose their force. We analyse our emotions ere they are developed, and the mere common capacity of pleasure may give so false a colouring to our ideas, that what seemed at the moment an all-absorbing passion, may after all prove to have been the most ephemeral. Experience and melancholy are twins!

"Farewell! a word that must be."

BEING now quite recovered from my late accident, I returned to my friend, the Magistrate, at D——. My former mess-mates regarded me as one risen from the dead, and embraced me with every demonstration of joy. I had just arrived in time to embark with them for our original place of destination. I made a few necessary arrangements for the voyage, and devoted the remainder of my time to the society of my good friend and patron the Magistrate.

We left with a fair wind, and arrived in due time at the capital of the colony to which we were bound. This unhappy country was reduced to a desert by a war which was still raging. I was well received by the authorities, and had apartments assigned me in a large quadrangular barrack, which stood on the left bank of the river, which flowed past the town some miles higher up.

"The Angel pity shuns the walks of war."
DARWIN.

I HAD not been here long when early one morning I was aroused by the booming of Artillery. I attired myself hastily, and rushed forth sword in hand. I perceived that we had been surprised by the enemy. The combat raged

until the sun was high, when both parties, by tacit consent, mutually retired to their respective quarters. In the afternoon our troops again advanced, and drew up in order of battle. Our right flank rested on the river, and our left was protected by garden-enclosures filled with our rifles. The enemy now threatened our centre with heavy masses of Cavalry, yet neither side was willing to strike the first blow. A death-like pause ensued. A bell tolled! It was the pre-concerted signal for the garrison to retreat to the shipping in the river, covered by a small detached force which I joined. On observing this movement, the enemy opened on us with round shot. The action then became general, and raged with great fury until night, when, finding that our right flank had been turned, and our communication with the shipping cut off, under cover of the darkness, we retired before the overwhelming numbers of our foe, and took up a favorable position to the left.

The following day was passed in skirmishing. Unfortunately myself and some others were separated from our comrades by a party of the enemy's horse. We succeeded, however, in escaping to a cave, which we prepared to defend in case of necessity. This cave had three outlets, and from it was commanded a wide view of the country around.

Towards evening the enemy having evidently lost trace of us, my companions ceased to watch, and soon fell sound asleep. I was reclining drowsily, my head resting against the rock at one of the entrances of the cave, when I was startled by the apparition of a horseman in the act of pointing a pistol at my head. I had barely time to spring up and dash the fatal weapon aside. It went off; I seized the horseman by the arm: the report of the shot had aroused my companions. The horseman succeeded in wresting away his arm and galloping off, but we sent a bullet after him, which brought him to the ground.

Next morning we succeeded in re-joining our friends. They had been re-inforced during the night, which now swelled their numbers so considerably, that the enemy retreated with precipitation.

"The heart that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the scorpion girt by fire."

The Giaour.

I went one day to visit the prisoners whom we had taken in the late encounters. They were a squalid, ferocious-looking set, and amongst them I thought I recognized [illegible]ose features were not unfamiliar to me. Care and hardship had left deep furrows on his brow, but his eye was still bright, and his countenance, if not handsome, had a peculiar individuality, which rescued it from being classed with vulgar physiognomies.

"Friend," said I, accosting him, "I believe we are not altogether unknown to each other."

"Perhaps not," he replied in a dull tone, eyeing me askance, and munching some hard biscuit. I was not satisfied, so I continued—

"Did you ever lose a manuscript wrapped up in green silk?"

"Humph," was all the reply I could draw from him. I still persisted.

"Perhaps you never lost anything but your liberty!"

He seemed startled, and exclaimed, "Lost! yes; I have lost much indeed that I valued, and

nearly lost my life too the other day near a cave !" It was indeed that cold-blooded horseman !

" Let us come to an explanation," said I, " in some more private place, for I am curious to know your history."

I conducted him to my room. Here his manner entirely altered, and was perhaps rather too haughty to please me. He opened the conversation by remarking that my suspicions were correct.

" The small bundle which you saw me bury contained a human body—start not. The manuscript which you found was mine. You read it, *that* was ungenerous, and now your sickly curiosity seeks to worm from a prisoner his secrets."

I acknowledged my error with regard to the manuscript, but assured him that I had only read a small portion of it, and that the whole was in my writing-case at his service.

" I shall meet you half way," said he, " and in return for the manuscript give you some advice which may prove useful. Listen ! You can never enjoy peace nor happiness in this world, while your lost ring remains with its present possessor."

" And who may that be ?" I asked.

" Bestir yourself to *discover*," he replied, " and do not trouble others. Fate has [illegible] enemies, yet I pity y[illegible]

" *Pity* me !" I exclai[illegible] ill-disguised contempt.

" Yes," he repeated calmly, [illegible] pity a man whose life has passed in a dream !"

" And I one," I rejoined, " whose life has been no better than a nightmare !"

There was a pause ; I felt irritated, but he continued without emotion.

' Human errors, like noxious weeds, may be permitted to flourish in the moral world, and a superior wisdom may find them useful, as we cultivate those plants for the medicinal virtues which may be extracted from them.

" Our destinies," pursued the prisoner, whose mood was now becoming more communicative, " have hitherto been singularly interwoven ; we have both loved the same woman, you as a boy, I, in maturer life. There are two " Zoes," one of whom is called Idone. The true Zoe betrayed me into guilt ; the false Zoe has led you to the perpetration of a thousand follies, scarcely less criminal, for you have wasted in frivolity those gifts which Providence intended should be cultivated.

" As for the true Zoe she had, perhaps, no heart, and yet, from the fullness of my own, I formed one for her, and it was with it that I held communion. By seeking to raise her above the standard of her capacity, I snapped the social link. I longed to renew it ; I became the minister of her evil passions ; she perceived my weakness, and instead of my elevating *her*, she debased *me*. I left her though I still loved her, and she wedded another ; and yet, believe me, the ties that bind us must vitiate in [illegible] of Heaven the sanctity any merely ceremonial union.

" I left her, but it was with the heavy load of disappointed hopes. I could not weep, for I felt the iron hand of adversity on me. We may shed tears at first, but time and grief soon render the heart incapable of soft emotions.

There is truth in the story of Niobe.

"My dreams were inexpressibly mournful, and when I awoke and saw the joyous sunshine, I closed my eyes against its blessed light, and turned my face to the wall. On the first moment of awaking I felt refreshed, but the next would bring the consciousness of my sorrows. In vain, for me, did the busy sparrows sing their gladsome matins ; in vain the sun pierce the bright green foliage round my windows with his slanting beams. I felt that I *had been* happy, and my thoughts turned to the days of my childhood, when I used to experience such pleasure, on awaking and finding the gaudy flowers on my chintz bed curtains illuminated by the same light, which was now to me so oppressive."

This strange person became affected, and as I was somewhat displeased to hear another express himself so warmly concerning the woman whom I regarded above all others, I requested that our interview might be terminated.

I did not believe all that he had told me about "Idone," and I felt annoyed at his attempt, as I thought, to deceive and confuse me.

"Was it a vision, or a waking dream?"

Keats.

Having transacted the business for which I had been sent abroad, I returned home, but new sufferings awaited me. During my absence I had contracted a strange and terrible disorder, which now rendered life almost [illegible]pportable. My breast was [illegible] with small venomous reptiles, which were continually leaving their home. I sought the advice of the first physicians, but none knew any remedy to prescribe, and I was in a manner obliged to lead the life of an outcast. I was reduced to despair, when, as I was wandering about in a neighbouring forest one morning, I was accosted by an aged man, who, on seeing the extremity to which I was reduced by my malady, in a compassionate manner thus addressed me.

"There is but one cure for this disorder, and that is to allow me to strike you on the chest with this heavy mallet which you see. The reptiles within may be dislodged by the concussion."

Imprudent as it may seem, I consented to submit to this uncommon operation. As the old man stood over me to inflict the blow, I recognized in his hard pale features, those of the person with whom I had conversed in the hall of phantoms. The mallet descended. As I lay almost insensible, the old man strode away with a smile of infinite contempt —the meaning of which I faintly guessed, and the conversation which I had overheard at the hotel at B— occurred to me.

'Thus like a living dream, apart from men,
From morn to eve, he haunts the woods and glen.'

R. Montgomery.

I was proceeding along the streets to chapel, to return my thanks to Providence for my wonderful cure, when I was interrupted by a dissipated-looking ruffian, who informed me that he was an escaped prisoner, and asked me to sign a paper, which he presented, to enable him to elude the police. He appealed to my generosity, but seeing me [illegible]itate—"Go

then," said he disdainfully, " you may yet learn to compassionate the guilty as well as the unfortunate. I shall await you at yonder elm tree." I glanced suspiciously at the stranger, and passed on.

" Don't be afraid to meet me," said he tauntingly.

I entered the chapel and approached the altar. A crowd of recollections rushed on me, and my limbs shook. I felt almost ashamed thus ostentatiously to offer up before all this pageantry of gold and velvet, those expressions of gratitude which had perhaps already been accepted from the silence of my heart.

At that moment the doors were thrown open, and a man of venerable aspect, attired in the richest sacerdotal robes, advanced, and taking me by the hand, led me to the altar. I involuntarily looked round, when I observed the ruffian whom I had left in the street, as I believed, leaving the chapel with a scowling expression of disappointment.

On leaving the chapel I proceeded to the place of rendezvous, at the elm tree, merely to show the ruffian that I did not fear him, but he was not there, so I returned home.

His lost wife, it was rumoured, had been restored to my hospitable friend Mr. G., and as his residence was at no great distance from my own, I purposed, as [illegible] as my strength should be su[illegible]ently recruited, to pay them a visit, and endeavour, if possible, to ascertain from Mrs. G. herself, the secret of her former intimacy with the stranger, whose manuscript I had

" Les premières folles, mènent à d'autres."
DE PUISIEUX.

" My husband is no more."
" ZOE."

Such were the contents of a note which I received, as I was preparing to pay my long-deferred visit to the writer and her husband. I saw in this event one of those strange combinations of circumstances which rule our destinies. It was in vain that I endeavoured by re-calling Mr. G.'s past kindness to controul the hasty desire I conceived of making his widow my wife. The idea of our union seemed also to have occurred to her when she wrote.

I hurried to meet " Zoe," forgetful of all the warnings which I had received.

The reception which I met was not what I had anticipated. Instead of throwing herself at once into my arms, I overheard her reprimanding her maid in an adjoining room for some neglect at her toilet. Those minutes which I waited for her threw a singular damp over my passion, and when she at length made her appearance, we were both embarrassed. I perceived that although years had embalmed my affections, they had worn away hers, but I still clung to the [illegible] of a renewed intimacy res[illegible]ing them. I tried to conceal from myself the pang of disappointment which I experienced, but my silence and averted eye [illegible]t have betrayed the bitterness [illegible]y emotions to her. All my [illegible]mantic notions were destroyed, and matters progressed smoothly, as is always the case, when neither party feels much interest; and after the settlement of some pre[illegible]minaries the day was fixed for [illegible] solemnization of our nuptials.

"The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."
HAMLET.

As I was placing the ring on my bride's finger, I started, for one of those old men whom I believed to be my Protean evil genius, and of whose presence I had not been aware, stepped forward, and substituted my own long lost ring. There was a murmur of surprise throughout the company. "Zoe" turned pale. "What means this, thou wicked old man?" said I.

"I am your friend," he replied. "You *may* be happy, but the cup may yet be dashed aside." Just then there was a bustle amongst the by-standers, and as I gazed at the old man's retreating form, Zoe, with a shriek, fell into my arms, and her blood streamed over me. A stranger closely muffled up had suddenly darted forward, and accomplished his dastardly purpose. During the confusion the assassin made his escape, but I felt assured that he was no other than the perfidious owner of the strange manuscript.

"Zoe" seemed to be deeply troubled. Twice she essayed to pronounce some name, but the sounds died on her lips; then crossing her hands on her bosom, she turned her eyes to heaven and calmly expired.

I know not whether I felt more sorrow or satisfaction at this tragical catastrophe. I felt that I could never have been happy, and seen Zoe another's, and yet I was too proud to have felt contented with her myself. Now she was no more, all my early affection returned with greater intenseness. Her faults were beyond the censure of the world, and I felt that there was no dishonor in loving one who was no longer of this world.

Beloved "Zoe!" Thy dear remembrance will cling to my heart through all the vicissitudes of life, and perhaps at the final hour, when all mortal passions shall cease, that first pure love which was lavished on thee may linger to mingle itself with my first dawning perceptions of Eternity!

"And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government, too slow."
LAODAMIA.

I was now a widower. I shunned society, and found much greater pleasure in taking solitary rambles, in the course of which, while my eye was pleasingly occupied with surrounding objects, I used to reflect on the events of the past—

"I loved not man the less, but nature more."

Sometimes as a change, I would idly saunter along the streets, and moralise in the vein of the "melancholy Jacques" on the busy world, of which I had ceased to be a member. One bright summer's afternoon, as I was thus ruminating, I felt some one pat me on the shoulder, and on turning round I perceived an old man somewhat grotesquely attired in an antiquated riding suit. "Young man," said he, "you must forgive the liberty I take, for time is precious. It is now sunset, and as you seem to be an idler, I can give you some occupation, which may not prove altogether uninteresting. Take this fishing tackle and follow me!" I did as he desired me, and all the way he so engrossed my attention by his singular and interesting discourse,

that I never once gave a thought to where we were going, until he paused, when to my surprise I found that we had arrived at a swampy part of the country which was unknown to me. Here there appeared to be nothing but rushes and water, and the pale moon shining above. Before us flowed a dark sluggish stream, bordered with sedges and rank vegetation. There was something chilling and dismal in the aspect of the place. It seemed the abode of Death and Desolation, and "all the infection that the sun sucks up." Even the moon shed a peculiarly ominous light. I experienced an oppressive sensation of loneliness, as if I had seen daylight and friends for the last time. Fitful currents of damp and poisonous air swept past and chilled my very vitals.

"Cast in your line," said my eccentric companion, authoritatively. I obeyed him mechanically, and with gloomy forebodings I stood almost unconsciously holding the line in my hand. At length I felt something heavy on my line, and concluding it to be a fish, I turned round to my companion. He was gone! Alone in a strange place, and at such an hour, without any chance of finding a guide, it is not surprising that I should have felt uneasy, however I still held by my line, and in the attempt to pull out the fish I began to walk backwards, but my line, instead of being run out, continued most curiously to increase in length. Still I persevered, and in this retrograde movement, I am sure that I must have traversed leagues. My line was still increasing, although the river was now out of sight. I began to feel extremely cold, and on turning round to learn the cause, I found that I was close upon a bleak shore strewed with fragments of ice, beyond which was a dark and stormy ocean, in whose leaden-hued waves strange monsters were disporting themselves. As the first ripple of the fretful tide swept over my foot, my line broke with a sound resembling the vibrations of harp strings. At the same moment, with a howl of anguish, a monster sprang from the waters. He was a Merman of gigantic proportions, and the colour of the sea, even to his hair, which was matted with sea-weed and ice. His parted beard flowed solemnly over his breast.

I fled, the monster pursued, and as I was well aware that he was gaining on me, I turned round and stood at bay. He continued to approach with menacing gestures, on which I determined on taking the offensive, and suddenly snatched from his hand a Narwal's horn. It was now his turn to fly, which, as soon as I perceived, I considered it prudent to retreat also. To my infinite dismay, however, I saw several other monsters, and among them, one in shape like a woman, (was it that mysterious Idone or Megueline?) preparing to pursue me, and accordingly continued my retreat, with my face turned towards the foe. My object was to reach a vast flight of steps which seemed to lead to a table-land above the beach. My pursuers gained rapidly, and I began to feel my strength failing me. Happily I found a sword lying on the ground, and with it I resolved to defend myself to the last. I maintained

a running fight until I had reached the steps. Here I stumbled backwards, whereupon the most forward of my pursuers endeavoured to seize me—but recovering myself, I dealt him a heavy blow, and continued to retreat up the steps—once I nearly lost my balance on delivering a cut—on which I heard behind me the rustling of wings, and a voice whispering—" Strike not until you reach the second last step, and *then* strike home !—strike not before, or you are lost."

On receiving this warning I retreated more cautiously. At length, evidently aware that I could not be pursued beyond the summit, the largest of the monsters dilating to a tremendous size, and collecting all his energies, made a sudden dart at me, but to my infinite joy I had gained the step on which rested my fate, and with all my remaining force I dealt a furious blow at my adversary. He recoiled, and thus addressed me—

" Behold in me one of those INFLUENCES that rule the fate of man. Thou hast past the Southern pole. Trodden where man's footstep never was before. Forgotten the appointed sphere of your duties, and profaned the eternal sanctity and solitude of the land of shadows. Dare not our wrath again, but return to the world, and live as a man ought to live—not in the vain pursuit of objects beyond your reach. Receive the long lost ring which was left on the finger of your bride !"

The spirits rolled away like heavy clouds in winter, and kneeling down, I confessed my gratitude for my wonderful restoration to this world.

I deplored that my past life had been only a dream, and that I had suffered without an aim, and loved without an object; that I had wandered through scenes which had no actual existence, and had made friends and enemies, who were equally shadows. Such is the life perhaps of many a man!

A DREAM OF LIFE.

(Written in the Album of a Friend.)

I.

The Pencil, Muse, and Song,
By turns enchant a wanderer such as I :—
Though had not such a wish as thine been strong,
Fair Ladie,
I fain had left to others—minstrelsy,
An abler touch, a softer finger prest
To play the heart-strings of the human breast,
Fair Ladie !

II.

When blood-red sinks the sun
O'er the wild world of waters roaring round,
Tempestuous midnight, and the ship-wrecked one,
Despair's ideal !
Hath agony with hope no blessing bound,
Or gushing gladness told its touching tale
Of morrow's dawning on a rescuing sail :—
Is such joy real ?

III.

Hath lover e'er turned cold,
A life's devotion for *one* look been rent,
And maddening jealousy revenge enrolled,
Instead of bliss.
Hath conscience on her holy errand bent
Ne'er whispered "Peace," and to her blooming face
Locked the coy lovers in [illegible]e's sweet embrace
With such a kiss.

IV.

Doth not the young bride cling
[illegible] ivy round [illegible] spouse, as if he shone
A [illegible] earth's [illegible]empests—promising
[illegible] Love :
Doth not her first born's smile, how much her own,
In speechless ecstacy bright joys attest,
And sport, how choice an emblem, on her breast
Of nuptial love.

V.

Hath mother watched her child,
Touched the pale Hectic of its darling cheek,
And sobbed, and kissed it, till her brain grew wild.
Heart-broken,
Can consolation in none other speak
Than prayer; and has *it* quenched the deadly strife
Of demons, and restored her babe to life,
Love's token!

VI.

Morn on its blushing rose,
The lark's shrill carol in Spring's azure sky:
Noon by the shaded brook which, placid, flows
In sylvan dress:—
Eve, with her crystal queen, her dulcet lay,
Her fairy minstrel's dream-bewitching song
Of hallowed forms, loved voices; such belong
To happiness.

VII.

Ah! when the lamp of age
Burns dimly in its tenemental shell,
And cruel fate seals up life's solemn page
On deeds writ down!
Say, doth religion shudder at its knell?
Hath death no terrors in the clay-cold sod?
None. The unshackled spirit leaps to God
For glory's crown.

VIII.

Fair Ladie! would ye more?
Know then thy bosom homes beatitude.
Why will a mortal *other* realms explore
When peace is *given*?
Here darkest passions, brightest hopes intrude
By sorcery's magic wand—The human heart
Conjures up hate a hell, while love can start
A perfect heaven!

T. A.

MEMORANDUM ON INDIAN IRON.

BY MAJOR H. DRUMMOND.

(Forwarded by the Supreme Government to the Court of Directors, Nov. 1850.)

I HAVE endeavoured, in the following remarks, briefly to draw attention to the fact, that India may become a great iron manufacturing country, capable of supplying the growing wants of her vast population. I have contrasted her resources with those of Great Britain, not in a spirit of rivalry, but to illustrate the value of what, at present, is locked up, and comparatively unknown.

1.

The centre of India, from the Nerbudda to Assam, abounds in coal and iron-stone formations, capable of yielding iron similar to that of Great Britain. The ores, as will appear by the foot note,* contain from 30 to 50 per cent. of metallic iron.

I am not aware that clay iron-stone† is ever used as an ore of iron in India.

2.

The Himalayas,§ Gwalior and other districts possess in great abundance the richer ores, capable of yielding the superior iron of Cumberland, Sweden, and other parts of Europe.

3.

Accompanying these last are extensive forests, from which can be obtained in profusion the fuel necessary for their reduction, namely, wood charcoal.

If it can be proved, that the native of India might supply himself with so necessary an article as iron, at a much less cost than he now pays for foreign metal, and that, uninstructed, he cannot turn this source of prosperity and comfort to account; to furnish him with the knowledge he requires, will manifestly conduce to the best interests of the country.

1.

In Britain, the clay iron-stone, from which the great mass of iron is produced, yields on an average 30 to 33 per cent. In the principal mining district, South Wales, poor ore yields 31, and rich ore 42 per cent. "Every feruginous clay-stone is regarded as an iron ore when it contains more than 20 per cent. of metal.‡"

2.

The richer ores, such as the red hematite of Cumberland, and magnetic of Sweden, yield from 50 to 70 per cent.||

3.

From the scarcity of wood in England, there are only two or three charcoal smelting furnaces, and these, from the same cause, can only be worked for a few months in the year.

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* Coal occurs extensively in eight provinces, namely, Tenasserim, Arracan, Orissa (Cuttack,) Bengal Proper, Burdwan, Sylhet, Assam, Rajmehal, Behar, and Nerbudda. In every instance, iron ores, either the common clay iron-stone, or red or yellow iron-stone containing from 30 to 50 per cent of iron, occurs with the coal or extensively in the same district—*Dr. J. McClelland, Secy. Coal Committee.*

† It is largely used for macadamising the Grand Trunk Road.

‡ Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures. Page 693.

§ Iron may be said to constitute a considerable part of the country either as a constituent of rocks in the form of iron-stone, or in the numerous and extensive beds of the better defined ores.—*Captain Herbert on the Mines and Minerals of the Himalayas—Asiatic Researches, Vol. 18.* The extensive and important class of iron ores, which abound almost every where and in greater variety, than perhaps is to be found in any other country.—*Mr. Calder on the Geology of India—Asiatic Researches, Vol. 18.*

|| Smelted with charcoal. Great quantities of this description of iron are annually imported into England from Sweden and Russia.

The above will sufficiently establish the extent of the iron repositories of India. Their value will be further determined by ascertaining the cost and quality of a given quantity of ore and fuel, in one or two mining districts in both countries :—

COST OF THE ORE.

Khetsari in Kumaon.

Red iron ore 2*s.** per ton.

Tons.	*Cwt.*		£	*s.*	*d.*
3	7	... ...	0	6	8
			£ 0	6	8

At Khetsari one man digs out from 8 to 12‡ maunds of ore in the day. At Gwalior, the cost of raising 100§ maunds (or nearly 4 tons) is from Re. 1 to Re. 1-13½, or 2-1½ to 3-8.‖

Merthyr Tydvil, S. Wales.

Clay iron-stone 10*s.* per ton.

Tons.	*Cwt.*†		£	*s.*	*d.*
3	7	... ...	1	13	6
			£ 1	13	6

The average price of ore in Wales is 8*s.* 6*d.* per ton;¶ in Staffordshire 12*s.* The Gubbin or Dudley** ore fetches so high a price as 16*s.* and 17*s.* per ton.

COST OF THE FUEL.

Khetsari in Kumaon.

Charcoal, 11 per ton.

Tons.	*Cwt.*		£	*s.*	*d.*
2††	0	... ...	1	2	0
			£ 1	2	0

According to the native miners, a man can make in one day 1½§§ maunds of charcoal. This, as the rate of labor is 2 annas, makes the cost of one ton 4-8 in the jungle. This is conveyed to the works in loads of 25 seers‖‖ at an average ; which is the cause of the great enhancement in price.

Merthyr Tydvil, S. Wales.

Coal 6 per ton.

Tons.	*Cwt.*		£	*s.*	*d.*
2	16‡‡	... ...	0	16	6
			£ 0	16	6

At Domlais coal costs only 2*s.* per ton, at Cyfartha it is worth from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* From 3½ to 4 tons of coal, inclusive of the coal of calcination, are required in Staffordshire to obtain one ton of cast iron, and the expense of workman's wages is about 15 on that quantity.¶¶

Note.

From economy in the quantity of fuel, as well as from its cheapness, and that of the iron ore ; the iron of South Wales can be brought into the market at a much lower rate than that of any other district.***

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* The expense of excavating the ore is 1*s.* I have allowed 1*s.* extra for carrying it out of the mine.

† Estimate by Dr. Ure of the Ore, necessary for producing a ton of cast iron. Page 719.

‡ Specimens of the working ore from both these districts, were lately assayed by the Chemical Examiner, Calcutta, and found to contain from 65 to 66 per cent. of metallic iron.

§ Report of Mr. Beckett on the Khetsari Mines.

‖ When cleaned reduced to 80.

¶ The mean richness of the ores of these coal basins is not far from 33 per cent.

** Containing about 40 per cent. of metallic iron. Pa[illegible]93.

†† In Wales 2 tons of coke are found to correspond th[illegible] of coal ; what I have allowed here is therefore rather above the mark. The heating power of charcoal is greater than that of coke.

‡‡ The quantity allowed for producing a ton of cast iron.

§§ Some of them say they can make 2 maunds.

‖‖ Per man.

¶¶ Dr. Ure.

*** In the Soane district near Mirzapore, coal is brought to the surface for 1 pice per maund, including superintendence, 1 pice more. This makes the cost at the pit's mouth 1*s.* 9*d.* per ton.

It appears then that a given quantity of ore costs at Merthyr Tydvil five times what it does at Khetsari, while the latter yields double the amount of metallic iron. Thus 3 tons 7 cwt., which yields *one* ton at Merthyr Tydvil, should, from the ore of Khetsari, produce *two* tons. Again, the common ore of Staffordshire is six times, and the rich eight times the cost of the ore of Khetsari—the comparison with Gwalior being equally striking. In the estimate regarding the fuel, it will be observed that the cost of the charcoal at the works is more than twice what it is in the jungle; and that this is occasioned by the mode of transport. Instead of a net-work of railway, as at Merthyr Tydvil, the charcoal burner at Khetsari goes in the morning from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 miles to the forest, cuts down and converts into charcoal a certain quantity of wood, returning at night with as much as he can carry. When the extent of the forests is taken into consideration, it will scarcely be doubted that the supply so cheaply obtained might, by a proper arrangement, be as economically applied.

The next point for consideration is the way in which the manufacture is at present carried on by the natives. Throughout the country the metallurgic processes are of the rudest description, and the waste of materials and labor, in consequence, almost incredible: by a couple of air bags made of skin, and a common blacksmith's hammer, is every ton of Indian iron produced; except when varied, as at Singrowlee near Mirzapoor, by an air bag made of leaves, with a bamboo nozzle. In a recent report by Mr. Beckett, on the Khetsari works, he states: "The produce of 100 parts of ore is nearly 84-5th parts* of marketable iron." At Gwalior, according to information afforded by Sir R. Shakespear, 100 maunds of ore, as brought to the surface, or 80 ditto cleaned, yield $18\frac{1}{2}$ maunds of malleable iron: now the ores from both these districts give, on assay, 65 to 66 per cent of metal. The immense loss which the above returns display, proves the truth of the following remark of Mr. Bald, Mining Engineer:—"It is evident that whatever quantity of the ore is submitted to the fire for reduction, a small proportional part of the iron contained in the ore, is brought to the state of useful malleable iron." On another occasion he observed, with reference to the same processes: "They are the

* The ore of Khetsari is evidently more refractory than that of Gwalior, and, as is often the case with the red oxides, requires a very powerful heat, with skill in the management of fluxes for its reduction. This accounts for the difference in the quantity of metal extracted, as well as for the prices of both—that of Gwalior selling at the mine for about one-half the cost of the Khetsari.

Mr. Trail writes—"The common produce at the different mines is from 40 to 50 per cent. So imperfect however is the smelting, that from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ is subsequently lost in working up this iron."

I am at a loss to reconcile this with Mr. Beckett's report. Mr. B. states:—"I witnessed the whole of the operations from beginning to end, carefully measuring the quantities of ore and charcoal used, and their produce ***** 390 seers of ore yield $327\frac{1}{2}$ seers of bloom metal, which in its turn produces $81\frac{3}{4}$ seers of marketable bar iron."

Writing on the Wootz or Indian Steel, Dr. Ure gives the proposition of iron extracted from 100 parts of ore as 15 parts. This is from the magnetic ore, which when pure contains about 72 per cent. of metal.

most expensive that could possibly be employed."

Again, as regards the preparation of charcoal, Mr. Beckett thus graphically describes in a note to myself the way in which the natives set about it: "Three or four men usually join together to collect the wood, and when they have collected what they guess will make charcoal equal to the load they usually carry; they set fire to the heap, sit down, and take their ease while it is burning." The reckless waste that takes place may be judged of by the words of the late Mr. Lushington, Commissioner of Kumaon: "The extensive pine woods of the Doorgadhee and Gowrassee range are beginning to experience indiscriminate havoc at the hands of the charcoal burners, who cut down and leave to rot on the ground thousands of fine trees, merely consuming the smaller branches (to save themselves the trouble of splitting the large trunks) while no provision is made for the renewal of the forest."

It is not easy to make very precise calculations from the data before us, owing to the slovenly and irregular manner in which operations are carried on, the natives paying little attention to measurements of any kind. What, however, in the present state of things, they can or cannot do, is of little moment, except to show how much they need instruction and guidance.

The great point to keep in view is *what materials there are to work upon.* India possesses, in this respect, peculiar advantages over perhaps every other country; namely, a *profusion of the very best*, combined with *extraordinary cheapness* of labor. Properly to economize, and usefully to apply these, will alone render them what they ought to be, a source of wealth and prosperity to the people at large. To effect this, art must be added to nature, mechanical power to manual labor, and the eye of the European must direct the hand of the native.

I now venture to suggest the expediency of commencing an improvement in the manufacture of Indian iron.

It appears to me that for this purpose an iron work should be erected in an eligible locality, on as small a scale as is consistent with efficiency, and an establishment of head workmen be brought from Europe. The province of Kumaon presents the following recommendation for a new undertaking of the kind.

1.—Abundance of the richer iron ores.

2.—Inexhaustible supplies of forest fuel.

3.—Command of water power, obviating the expence of steam.

4.—Limestone, and other facilities for working.

5.—Salubrity of climate for Europeans.

6.—The high price of foreign iron in the adjoining markets.

It is a point of considerable importance to have a precedent, and that a successful one. As a guide I therefore beg to draw attention to an iron work erected in Persia, about 12 years ago, by Mr. Robertson, Mining Engineer, now Manager of the Shatts Iron Works,

Scotland. Mr. R. went to the mountains of Tabreez under the protection of the British Government, and to use his own words: "At the end of two years, including the journey there, had erected a well-arranged iron work and foundry; and succeeded in making good castings of machinery, besides great quantities of shot and shells."* He was then in a position to undertake the manufacture of bar or malleable iron for £5 *per ton.*† The expence of a similar work in the Himalayas, with an establishment such as he had under him (12 English head workmen,) he estimated at £10,000.

As, however, economy combined with efficiency is a primary object, a small establishment of German smelters, with two or three experienced English miners, would, in my opinion, be well suited to this province for the following reasons:—

Englishmen are high in their demands, and Germans could probably be entertained for one-third of the expence.

Foreigners are accustomed to charcoal smelting, and would manage the furnaces better in the first place, than our own countrymen.

The English miner, on the other hand, is superior to the German in point of energy. An admixture, therefore, of both, would be advantageous.

Professor Jameson, who was scientifically engaged for several years in the mines of Freyburg, considered Germans‡ the best suited to these mountains; particularly recommending the Saxons for skill and steadiness.

The expence would be still further diminished, if the iron work were on the principle of those in Sweden, where one can be erected for rather less than £2,000. The furnaces in that country are very simple, and much ruder than those of Britain; plain wooden bellows are chiefly used, and the blast urged directly by a small water wheel. All the iron is tilted by a common spring forge hammer impelled by water. A commencement on this small scale taking the place of the miserable works now in use, would be a great stride for the native, and in emerging from semi-barbarism to attempt perfection at once would not be desirable. For the same reason, in introducing a new system in the preparation of charcoal, I would suggest a very simple one, mentioned to me by a gentleman from Vienna, as that in use in Austria, Silesia, Styria, &c. The method is as follows: Stems of every description are placed in a triangular pile, covered, with the green branches of the same trees, sand and charcoal dust. There is little access of air, and they burn slowly for 12, 16, or 24 hours, the charcoal stems remaining in their original forms. A few strokes of the hammer brings them to a convenient size for transit.

On the work progressing, any desired alteration can be gradual-

* Mr. R. was thrown entirely on his own resources, and every article had to be made under his own immediate direction.

† "The present price of Scotch pig iron is £4-10, and of Scotch bar £9 per ton, while I was in Prussia, Russian bar iron cost about £8, and I calculated that I could produce it for £5 per ton; in fact I offered to contract with the Persian Government at this price, but they rather wished me to conduct the manufacture at their risk."—*Letter from Mr. R.*

‡ Mr. Robertson subsequently expressed the same opinion.

ly introduced. When the natives are thoroughly initiated into operations suited to their comprehension, the energy of the Englishman might be still further applied in carrying out the undertaking on an extended scale.

I will now advert to difficulties which have been started, as likely to affect the success of the improvements suggested.

1*st.—Difficulty of Transport.*

It is not strange that a want which exists all over India should present itself as an obstacle here. To form a fair estimate of the expence of making roads, would of course require a minute examination of the iron districts, but keeping for the sake of brevity to the two already mentioned, Gwalior and Kumaon, I give the opinion of parties qualified to judge.

Regarding the first, Sir R. Shakespeare writes :—" There is no difficulty whatever in making a road : the expence would be very trifling, even if a tram road was laid down of slabs of this white stone."* On road-making in Kumaon, Major Glasfurd, Executive Engineer, observes :—" Depend upon it a road can be made anywhere, when commerce calls for facility of approach."

In Sweden charcoal is frequently carried thirty miles to the furnaces on sledges. In Austria and Styria, I have been informed, it is sometimes conveyed a distance of sixty. India is not the first country in which engineering difficulties have been encountered, and here, as every where else, good roads must have a beginning. Let it be allowed that in the Hills at least, the expence of these will be considerable. I would answer, in a *new* and *great* undertaking there is always some obstacle to surmount. Again, in this, as in other respects, improvement should be gradual. In Kumaon, for example, the forests and mines are generally contiguous, and roads cut along the vallies fit for bullocks, mules, &c., is all that would be wanted at the outset. The transit, to the plains, of the manufactured article is the only point on this head that requires any consideration. On this account, the iron country on the Cossillah river affords a more favorable starting point than Khetsari, the distance of the former to the foot of the Hills being a day and a half's journey for mules. According to Major Madden, brown iron ore occurs at Dhan Dhoonga, in the Terrai itself.

When the work begins to circulate a first-rate metal, we shall hear no objections made to the difficulties of transport.†

2*nd.—That English iron is landed in Calcutta for little more than the price it realizes in England, and that the native article could not be made to compete with it.*

To admit the weight of this argument would be to limit the consumption to the coast alone.

* Probably sandstone.

† It is generally thought easier to go down hill than up: but here we find the case reversed. No one sees any obstacle to roofing houses at Nainee Tal with *European* iron, or erecting bridges of the same metal, much further in the interior.

The subjoined table, exhibiting the prices in up-country markets, will show that the case is altered in the interior :—

PRICES OF IRON IN APRIL, 1850.

Calcutta,	English iron,	Rs.	2-8 to 2-10 per md.
	Swedish „	„	4-12 to 5-4 „ „
Mirzapoor,...	English „	„	5 per local maund.*
Moradabad,...	English „	„	8 per local maund.†

"The price of English iron in the bazar (Calcutta) is at this time very low * * * *; but when any sort falls short, a rise from 50 to 150 per cent. will take place in the course of a month."‡ Consequently, when prices are high in the home markets, they will be correspondingly so in this country. Iron for Bridge-work may be purchased at from Rs. 80 to 90§ per ton. In Kumaon 13 suspension bridges have been erected, the transport alone of the last of which from Calcutta cost Rs. 80, or £8 per ton.

Now taking the Persian experiment as a criterion, and considering the cheapness of both ore and fuel in Kumaon, with the richness of the former, rate of labor two annas per day, &c., we may safely say, that the best description of malleable iron ought to be produced in these hills for Rupees 50 or £5|| per ton.

I am sorry I have no reference by me of the prices in Great Britain at the present time. At Cardiff, the chief shipping port of South Wales, it can be produced, under favorable circumstances, at from £5-15 to £7. In 1845, the prices in Scotland were as follows :—

			£	s.
Cast iron, per ton,			4	10
Bar, or malleable do.			9	0
In 1837 :—				
Cast iron, per ton,			5	0
Shortly before this,			7	0
Best Staffordshire malleable iron,			16	0
Common Welsh	do.	do.	13	0
Common Swedish	do.	do.	20	0
Blistered Steel	do.	do.	60	0
Cast	do.	do.	112	0

3rd.—The superiority of English Iron.

Any contrast between the two articles, as at present in the market, is out of the question, the one being fabricated with the aid of science, capital, and mechanical power, and the other without the aid of any of the three.

That English iron is superior for many purposes there can be no doubt. But in what does its

* Equal to 48 Calcutta bazar seers.

† 40 seers. The seer 96 Rupees weight.

‡ Mr. Gilbert, Calcutta Mint.

§ In Calcutta at present.

|| Under all the disadvantages of the present system, Gwalior iron is manufactured for about £6 per ton.

superiority consist? Simply, in being presented for sale in bars, rods, sheets,* wire, &c., while a rough and shapeless mass is turned out of the Indian forge. It cannot be expected that the native, by the labor of his hands, is to effect all that is done by machinery in more civilized communities. With every variety of ore, and fuel of both kinds, we should manufacture in India every description of iron. Even at the present time we find various qualities produced. There is the iron from the magnetic oxides, and in the two districts alluded to, the metal differs considerably. The Gwalior is very much used from its peculiar softness and ductility, and the Hill iron, again, when a harder metal is required, as shown by foot note.† In this province alone the following varieties of ore are formed: Brown iron ore occurs in many places. In Chowgurkha (near Almorah) the hydrated oxide contains a small proportion of manganese, and sometimes crystals of magnetic iron ore; from this good steel might be obtained; black oxide of iron occurs in Ghurwal, which should afford the same description of metal as common Swedish bar. The prevailing ore is the red oxide and its varieties. Compact red iron ore at Khetsari, micaceous at Ramghur, Chunowlee, &c., and red hematite at Dhuniakote on the Cossillah. This last is the same which at Ulverstone is noted for yielding a superior metal of great tenacity, and much used for drawing into wire: steel also is made from it for secondary purposes.

We now come to a point on this head, which must not be passed over; namely, the native blacksmith invariably prefers his own ill-smelted iron to the English, from the greater facility with which he can work it up. This arises from the inferior character of all iron prepared with coal, which is more or less contaminated by the presence of sulphur. Dr. Lardner observes: "As iron smelted with charcoal undoubtedly works the most kindly, so it is certainly the best, when the same description of fuel can be used during the working of it." So long then, as charcoal is the fuel exclusively used by the native blacksmiths, it is evident that the proper description of iron to commence an improvement in, is the *charcoal smelted.*

4th.—That in the mineral districts of the Himalayas there is no coal.

Were the absence of coal really a want, surely 6,000 square miles of forest (which may be termed coal above ground) as in

* European iron is used for every thing, the shape and form of which accords with the description of iron exported from Europe. The object is plain, saving of labor and fuel. For instance, if I wish to make a long crow bar 5 feet long, it will cost me, though the two sorts do not differ in price, four times as much if I make it of native iron instead of English bar iron. This is the canse why so much sheet iron is used in India.—*J. C. Wilson, Esq.*

† "Gwalior iron is used in Moradabad for making the following—12 inch nails, and nails of every description, chains, screws, clamps for boxes, phourahs, koolharees, &c. &c., and all things requiring soft iron, such as horse shoes, horse shoe nails, &c."

"Kumaon iron is used for making sledge hammers, common hammers, phourahs, koolharees, pickaxes, hoes, iron spikes for ploughs, and all things requiring hard iron."—*J. C. Wilson, Esq., Moradabad.*

Since writing the above I have been informed by an Engineer Officer that the best iron he knows for toughness and ductility is the Kumaon iron.

Kumaon, might suffice to supply the deficiency.

To quote again from Dr. Lardner: "The best fuel is undoubtedly charcoal, and this is known to consist almost entirely of carbon." Did coal therefore exist on the spot, to apply it to the reduction of these richer ores, would be to depreciate their value.* Instead of the superior metal obtained from smelting with wood fuel, an inferior article would be produced as stated above, the result of the presence of sulphur in the coal.

The scarcity of wood fuel in England made the discovery of coal of the first importance. In India the case is widely different. Her boundless forests, with extreme rapidity of vegetation, only require a regular system of cutting and planting, to render them inexhaustible.† We may reasonably suppose, that these do not encircle the iron districts to so vast an extent for nothing, and it may be inferred, that by making use of the one to develope the other, we shall turn each to its proper account. The same design which placed the coal and iron-stone in juxta-position, has here placed together the forest fuel and rich ores, which, with abundance of limestone, present so valuable a combination.

NOTE.

Though not exactly a part of my subject, I cannot wholly omit to mention how materially the well-being of the people would be affected by furnace operations causing a judicious cutting of the forests. At present what might be rendered a blessing to the country, is too often the reverse; the harbouring of wild beasts occasions the loss of about 100 lives annually in Kumaon. The heaviness of the Terrai jungle and lower ranges is well known, but I allude here as well to the whole country extending from thence to the high mountain or snowy range.—*Vide Extracts from Settlement Reports of J. H. Batten, Esq., Commissioner, Kumaon.*

"The sudden or gradual desertion of villages, owing to the loss of life and bodily injuries inflicted on the inhabitants by tigers, bears, and leopards" *** "Though Government has been liberal in the matters of rewards for the slaughter of wild beasts, the people of some parts of the Province, even far removed from the plains, are dreadfully harassed by the animals enumerated."—*(Gurhwal.)*

The exceeding heaviness of the jungle tends to perpetuate the animal scourges of the hills in the shape of tigers, bears, and leopards‡ —" both these districts, and a large portion of Uttagaon and Kumseear, are excessively jungly, and harassed by the visitations of tigers. In some of the tracts near the rivers notorious "man-eaters" are hardly ever absent, and at times the loss of human life is considerable."§

When real difficulties present themselves, to be prepared to meet them is right and proper. That imaginary ones should be started is a proof of the necessity which exists for acquiring a more accurate knowledge of what the country *does*, as well as what it does *not* possess.

In conclusion, I give one or two opinions from scientific and practical men in corroboration of

* For the reduction of clay iron-stone with coal or coke, very large furnaces and powerful steam engines are used. The charcoal furnaces are about half the size, hence, where materials are abundant as here, to obtain the same amount of iron we have only to look to the *number* of furnaces and not to their *height*.

† "I understand that hard wood of the consistency of oak, which forms the best charcoal, can be had in abundance in the Himalayas, where the mines are: this will give the manufacture of iron a decided superiority as to the fuel employed compared with Sweden, where the light charcoal of the fir tree only is used, oak and hard wood being very scarce in that country."—*Mr. Bald.*

‡ Danpoor (Kumaon)

§ Gungollee Nath and Burhaon.

the views advanced in the foregoing memorandum :—

"Iron to any extent might be obtained from the great beds and veins distributed throughout the country, and sold at such a rate, as to banish all foreign competition." "The mining and metallurgical operations in use are on a parallel with those of Europe during the dark ages." "No mine can thrive in our Indian possessions, until well instructed mine-masters and experienced miners are sent out from Europe." —*Professor Jameson.*

"Here, therefore, are all the necessary materials and living principles for the production of iron, and that to any required extent, with water for a moving power. Hence all that is now required is the application of scientific and practical principles for the working of the mines, the erecting and conducting the working of the blast furnaces, with the necessary machinery combined, and the making of roads and railways to transport the iron and other metallic produce to water carriage." * * * * "It strikes me that if an iron work is begun in the Himalayas, iron could be afforded to India at a rate lower than at present to a great degree, and at the same time afford a large profit per ton." * * * "I consider the establishment of iron works in the Himalayas as the basis of great super-structures of various kinds, and that they will directly aid the working of all the other metallic veins found in that country." * It is evident that the fabrique of steel will follow that of iron, and may we not hope, that from such materials, which by all accounts are the very best, a very superior steel may be produced ?" —*Mr. Bald, Mining Engineer.*

"Looking upon the Himalayan range as an extensive and almost unexplored district, teeming with mineral riches, possessing exuberant stores of vegetable fuel, ample water power for driving machinery, and blessed with a most salubrious climate, it appears in every way suited for the Establishment of a normal engineering and mining colony, which will no doubt, in future years, spread around, and ramify its off-shoots to every district where enterprize has a chance of success.*—*Mr. Robertson, Manager of Shatts Iron Works, Scotland.*

I have no statistical notice by me of the produce of iron in European countries at the present time, but according to Mr. Virlet's table, we have the following :—

England,	(1827)	†7,098,000
Russia,	(1834)	1,150,000
Sweden,	(1825)	850,000

The iron of Sweden and Russia, so far as is known, is all charcoal smelted. The latter country exports annually from 100 to 120,000 tons, a portion of which finds its way to India. Now if the reports of scientific men are to be depended on, India appears capable of producing iron, equal both in quantity and quality to England and Sweden combined. To stir up the productive industry of this people, by

* Letter dated May 20, 1846.
† The annual value of the iron of Great Britain is estimated by Mr. Tennant at £8,400,000.

rendering available the iron of the country, cannot fail to have a highly beneficial effect. I may conclude in the words of the late Captain Herbert, whose ability and intelligence are well known: "To her repositories of these metals (copper, lead, and iron) of tin, and mineral coal, is England mainly indebted for the unexampled wealth and power to which she has attained. Why they should not here prove equally mines of wealth, if properly managed, appears difficult to understand."

H. Drummond, *Major*,
3rd Lt. Cavy.

P.S.—I have not referred in the above memorandum to the Porto Novo Iron works near Madras, having understood they were erected on an expensive scale, for the purpose of competing in the London markets with a powerful English Company, who have the monopoly of the Dounemora Iron mine in Sweden, from which the cast steel for the superior cutlery of Sheffield is obtained. My wish is to show, how easily and advantageously improvements of the kind might be introduced, so as to meet the wants of the country itself, and that they might be on a *progressive* plan, commencing with *small out-goings*.

I have also avoided any allusion to railroads, their success being still a question, though it is evident, that to be supplied with cheaper iron on the spot, would greatly facilitate their introduction.

MEMORANDUM.

During my residence in Kumaon, I have had occasion, in the execution of my public duties to use a number of tools, more particularly picks and mamooties; and owing to the wear and tear of these articles of iron work, which at present are supplied to the Department of Public Works, from Magazines, at a cost much beyond what tools of the same description could be made up (of a much superior metal) at Almorah, I had some of each kind made, which have been in constant use for some months past, and I find they are now in as serviceable order as when first put into use.

The Europe tools are evidently prepared of a very inferior iron, to that procurable in Kumaon, which is much superior to any I have seen in India, with the advantages of being reasonable in price, and the supply abundant. During the progress of the annual repairs to roads, &c., a considerable sum is expended in coolie hire, in bringing in tools to be repaired, and sending them out again to the works, in fact the Europe tools do not stand two days' work in the Hills, until they become unserviceable, and numbers get broken, thus causing considerable delay in the execution of work at any distance from the station.

The tools made up of the Hill iron have, as stated above, been in constant use, and it is my firm belief that they will last for a length of time before any repairs are required to be made to them.

The comparative cost of the Europe tools, and those that could be made up of Hill iron, is, to the best of my knowledge, as follows :—

(*Vide next page.*)

Europe Tools.

1 Pick at 3-11-9 each, or per 100, ...	Rs.	373	7	0
1 Mamootie, at 2-10-1 each, or per 100,.	,,	263	0	4
Total, Rupees ...	,,	636	7	4
Add Coolie hire from the foot of the Hills, 20 men at 1-2	,,	22	8	0
Total cost of 200 Tools, ...	,,	658	15	4

To the above, the cost of conveyance (unknown to me) from the Magazine to the foot of the Hills is to be added.

* *Tools made up of Hill Iron.*

1 Pick at 1-12-4, or per 100, ...	Rs.	177	1	4
1 Mamootie 1-4-3, or per 100, ...	..	126	9	0
Total, Rupees ...		303	10	4

Thus making a saving in two hundred tools of rupees 355-5, so that the Hill tools can be manufactured at a saving of more than one-half the cost of the Europe article.

It may be urged that the above saving is too trifling to cause any change in the present mode of supplying the limited number of tools required for Almorah. But I see no reason why they could not be prepared in any quantity, and forwarded to distant stations, and at a much less cost than the English article can be supplied for, with the advantages of obtaining a much superior implement, and at less expence.

Of late I have directed my attention to testing the different qualities of the Kumaon iron, and having tested the comparative wear and tear of tools made up of it, with the English made articles—and having found the former so much superior to the latter, it is my intention to forward a copy of this memorandum (through the office of my immediate Commanding Officer) for the consideration of the Military Board.

(Sd.) J. Wallace, *Conductor,*
Dept. P. Works.

Almorah, 1*st November*, 1850.

LINES,

(Written on a Lady's having enlarged a pair of Wool-worked Slippers for a Gentleman.)

Yes, here I am assailing you again,
But thank the goose my weapon is a pen,
And thank it inasmuch as you may wield
That same, and beat me fairly off the field.
Tho' you and I are very well aware,
Letters in rhyme involve no end of care,
Racking of brains and rummaging about,
Lest rhyme or reason shove the other out;
This and much more than I can name beside,
Makes Pegasus an awkward beast to ride:
Well may you stare to see me on his back
At all, as an epistolary hack.
Now for the slippers I have been expanding,
To the proportions of your understanding;
Pray don't mistake—because what woman can
Make any thing to suit the mind of man;
Tho' mine has been a pleasurable task,
One compensation at your hands I ask,
Which is, that you will never more declare
War against canvass worked by fingers fair;
Never on our embroidery look down,
With every feature drawn into a frown,
Nor sit upon our ottomans and find
A verdict of "vacuity of mind;"
By which we feel our sex to be maligned;
Nor calculate our groups or count our flowers
As sad memorials of wasted hours,
As if we sent our wits to gather wool,
Each time we need another needleful.
No, let the flowers upon those slippers fade,
Till their bright hues become one dingy shade;
Let them out-last long years of daily wear,
Till every stitch of canvass is worn bare,
Then share the fate all worn-out slippers share;
Let even the remembrance be no more
Of her who gave them, and the gift, before
You bring yourself to hint in conversation,
Our work is other than our recreation,
From deeper studies needful relaxation.
Let common gratitude the claim decide,
And justice waver to the fairer side.—F. W.

ANSWER.

My sombre musings and my prosy slumbers,
Waked by the music of your slippery numbers,
Have fled my brain, but left me still to chime
My prosy answer in far prosier rhyme.
I can command no Pegasus—that soon
Would fling such riders somewhere near the moon ;
No—if *I* venture on poetic steed,
It must be one of very humble breed,
And while you gallop 'tis my joggier lot,
To mark your track and follow in a trot.
Thus then—accept my thanks most warmly due,
Both for your verses and the slippers too,
The latter, token of a kindness done,
The former, full of sparkling wit and fun ;
In one you've quite succeeded in expanding
The narrow limits of my understanding.
No longer likely to be cramped, but finding
Scope for the soul within your ample binding ;
And in the *other* all that *art can do*
You've done to make a fallacy as true,
As that plain black if really seen aright,
Would most assuredly be found pure white.
Say, can you really for a moment think,
That "three of black" and "two of blue and pink,"
That skipping, "counting," "taking up," and shading,
Which like the rainbow borrows light for fading ;
That yellow, lilac, scarlet, blue and green,
And those eternal hollow squares between,
That things like these from hour to hour should bind
The mighty movements of a human mind ;
Should waste those precious moments past recal,
In light wool-gathering—unoriginal,
And raise in after-years a haunting ghost,
Of talent wasted and reflection lost!
Where no idea oozes from the brain,
But *one, two, three*; and *stitch* and *stitch* again ;
Its canvass ground fit type of science shallow,
Void, blank, monotonous, transparent, hollow,
A rage of fashion—nay, almost a crime,
Being a new way of killing poor Old Time,
With such material say what woman can
Make anything to fit the mind of man?
But when herself by fashion unconfined,
She brings both mind to man and heaven to mind.

In sphere of usefulness for ever found,
She keeps the tenor of her daily round,
With mind well stored from learning's goodly page,
To lighten life amid the shades of age;
With soul redeeming time so briefly given
By looking onward to the life in Heaven,
Consult your conscience and your strong good sense,
You'll see the wooing is without defence,
Being only fit for man when fast asleep,
'Mong waking animals alone for sheep,
Yet grateful truly shall I ever be,
For your late kindness and civility;
But for the *system*—only think and pause,
Ere you assume you have the *fairer* cause,
For common gratitude would ill decide,
If justice shifted from the juster side.

E. H. S.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS, AS PLACES OF RETIREMENT FOR OFFICERS OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

To the old Indian officer, tired of tropical climes, and eagerly looking forward to that retirement in a better land, which is the ultimate object of nearly all who have quitted it in youth to seek their fortunes in remote and ungenial countries, yet hesitating lest such small means as he is likely to have acquired at the end of even a much lengthened service should prove inadequate to the accomplishment of his ardent desire, some information regarding a locality where his small and hard-earned income may suffice for all moderate wants; where it may be in his power to bestow on his family a sound and fitting education, and where, with the climate of his native land, he may enjoy such society as becomes his birth and position; and as previous habits render necessary and congenial to him, may be of no small interest and importance. For the benefit of any of his *confreres* so situated, a short account of the advantages to be found in our privileged Channel Islands is offered by a brother officer, who, having resided in them during a considerable part of his furlough, has experienced and can appreciate the value of the inducements they hold out as places of settlement for those in his own circumstances; who has had opportunities of comparing with them most parts of England, as well as the greater number of the places on the continent of Europe most frequented by his countrymen; who eagerly anticipates the happy day when he shall be able to prove his sincerity in advocating their merits, by selecting them as his own resting-place, so soon as the required period of his Indian service shall have elapsed; and who, while not professing to describe with the precision of a Guide book, will answer for the general accuracy of the account here given from his own observation, limiting himself to such particulars as are likely to prove serviceable to the class for whose information it is written, and with the remark, that those requiring a full and minute acquaintance with the subject may refer to Inglis' work, to which the writer has not access. In the great number of cases the means of the retired Indian officer will scarce enable him to live on the mainland of England in the comfort he requires, and is entitled to expect; while, after a life of exile, affording no opportunities for acquaintance with continental society or familiarity with continental habits, the banks of the Rhine or Moselle—the numerous watering places of Northern Germany—the many thriving towns or pretty villages of the South and West of France, which, from their excessive cheapness, beautiful scenery, and other advantages, have become the retreat of [illegible] many of his countrymen, much as they may please him for a passing visit, are little likely to possess for him the attractions he would require in a permanent resting place; but to those in his condition, belonging to the better classes of society, yet depend-

ent on small pensions or annuities, perhaps encumbered by large families, or otherwise limited in their means of living, the Channel Islands, may be looked upon as most eligible places of residence. Though these Islands are strictly speaking six in number, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Serk, Herme and Jetou, it is to the two first named only that our subject relates, the third being so little the resort of the English as to require but small notice, though it may be observed, *en passant*, that out of its population, consisting of 1500 or 2000 inhabitants, there is to be found some small proportion of our countrymen, attracted solely by its exceeding cheapness, while the importance of its Naval and Military position, as situated immediately over against the celebrated French Naval Arsenal of Chesbourg, having led to the erection of fortifications and establishment of a post for troops, it is far from improbable, that in the course of a few years it may rise to an equality with the larger neighbouring islands as a resort for visitors and settlers, more particularly should the latter be burdened with a surplus settler population, as from their increasing popularity may well be anticipated. The three last-named of these islands are mere rocks inhabited by a few fishermen, and little likely to become more than what they are at present—places of curiosity for a day's visit. Guernsey and Jersey, lying between the west coasts of England and France, carry on their principal communication with the former country, through the packet station of Southampton, from which they are situated at the respective distances of about 100 and 130 miles, while their proximity to the nearest English coasts, those of Dorsetshire and Devonshire, is greater by many miles. The Channel Islands steamers being among the best of any leading English harbours, the distances above given are performed in fair weather in six and eight hours, while smaller steamers running from Jersey, to the Ports of Granville and St. Malo, (three and a half or four hours being the time occupied), complete the communication with the Coasts of Normandy and Brittany. There is also steam intercourse between the Islands and Plymouth, Torquay and Poole. Guernsey, the smaller Island, possesses over its neighbour the advantage of proximity to England greater by 32 miles, or two hours' journey; its country is pretty, its country-houses and those bordering the town are neat and convenient; it has great educational advantages in an excellent College, where the sons of gentlemen not over-burdened with the goods of the world may be brought up at an expense commensurate with such circumstances. On the other hand the society to be met with is said to be formal and unsociable to an extreme, prone to dispute and suspicious towards strangers; and its principal town, the only one on the Island entitled to be considered a town, St. Peter's Port, built on the double ridges of a steep hill, is small, dirty, dull, narrow in its streets, and otherwise inconvenient. In its environs reside the greater number of English settlers. The town possesses a harbour deficient in space, and of faulty construction, guarded by an ancient fortification, called "Cornet

Castle," which a very few guns, and those of very small calibre, would make short work of toppling into the waves beneath. The Island has a garrison of infantry and artillery, besides its native militia. In its government, constitution, laws and language, it so closely resembles its neighbour, as to render a more particular description unnecessary; and the larger Island having decidedly the preference as a residence for our countrymen, we will, in giving a minute account of the advantages offered by Jersey, as a settlement for Indian Officers and others of limited income, leave it to be borne in mind, that in many essential particulars the same remarks may be applicable to Guernsey, and that their propinquity renders it at all times an easy matter for the visitor to one Island, to judge by comparison how far either may be the more worthy of his selection. The exemption from Customs duties, and every other taxation which these Islands enjoy, is the main cause of that economy in all necessaries of life which is among the first of their attractions as a settlement for the Indian officer. The house which he will here rent for, say £30 a year, will cost him, *bonâ fide* that sum, while in England the Government and parochial taxes would increase his rent to £40 or £45. His cellar may be stocked with wines of every description at about one-half of the English cost, and his tea will be consumed at an equally reduced price. Every exciseable article of consumption he will find lowered in a greater or less proportion. His carriage and horses, if he be able to indulge in such luxuries, indeed, whether private property or hired, will, in the absence of the tax both on vehicle, cattle, and servants, cost him to maintain, a sum infinitely below English rates; and let him drive where he may, he will encounter no Turnpike Gates to try his temper and his purse, for that "amari aliquid"—the Toll—in short, from his Doctor's Bill to his Washerwoman's he will find, in every article of necessity, comfort or luxury, that he may here enjoy on a *small* income all that it would require a something more than *moderate* one to procure for him in England, to exemplify which it may be as well here to furnish some particulars of rates of expenditure and lists of prices, all given from experience, and calculated in British or Jersey currency, as the custom of the place prevails, the latter being at the rate of 13 perce per English shilling, or somewhat more than 8 per cent. below the former.

Rent of a large house, unfurnished, in the best situation in the neighbourhood of St. Heliers, £40 to £50 per annum, British or Jersey.

Do. of a smaller, do. do. do. £30 to £35, do.

Do. of do. do. do. in good, but not the best situation, about £25 do.

Do. of a large house in the country, about £20; and smaller houses in proportion.

Do. of lodgings for a family, comfortable and well situated, 30*s.* per week, British.

Do. of do. for a Bachelor do. do. 10*s.* to 16*s.* do. do.

Do. do. in the country very low, say from 7*s.* upwards do. do.

Hotel charges very moderate. Charges at a good Boarding House for a Bachelor, 25*s.*, Bri-

tish, per week, exclusive of wine, &c., and for a family in proportion.

Wages of domestic servants.—Female £6 to £8 per annum, British, and male at a slight advance.

Coals.—18*s.* to 24*s.* per ton; washing 1*s.* per dozen of all kinds, British.

Coach-hire.—8*s.* or 10*s.* per day; saddle-horses 5*s.* per day, British.

Clothing of all kinds.—15 to 20 per cent. below English prices.

Physician's fees.—Much below the English. It is the custom with the profession here to contract with families for visiting them, when required, at so much per annum, usually at a very moderate rate.

Drugs.—Very cheap in comparison with English prices.

Wines.—From 6*s.* per dozen for the commoner kinds of Spanish, French and Sicilian. Marsala is much consumed, and can be had *good* at 9*s.* to 12*s.* per dozen, but the best plan is to purchase in England in bond, and it is then cellared at English prices *minus* the duty.

Teas.—Good 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb.; inferior 10*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*

Sugar.—Refined 7*d.* and 8*d.*; Raw, 3*d.* per lb., Jersey currency.

Bread.—6*d.* to 8*d.* per qr. loaf; Butter 8*d.* to 1*s.* per lb. according to season, Jersey currency.

Meat.—Beef and mutton 6*d.* to 8*d.*; pork 3*d.* to 5*d.* per lb., Jersey currency.

Poultry.—Best fowls and capons 3*s.* per pair; eggs 4*d.* to 6*d.* per dozen, Jersey currency.

Fish.—Dear and scarce. Though there is plenty round the Island, it comes chiefly, "mirabile dictu," from Plymouth, the Islanders not liking the *exertion* of piscatorial pursuits; oysters abound, and this fishery is protected by a Queen's ship.

Game.—None on the Island, but an occasional woodcock or snipe, brought chiefly from France, and at times very cheap, though the market in this respect is uncertain.

Beef, mutton, eggs, poultry, &c., are also principally from the neighbouring French coast, which being situated at a distance from any of the larger markets of the country, and having very indifferent communication with the interior, finds the best outlet for its produce in these Islands.

Fruits and vegetables are produced in the Island of all kinds, and are very cheap and plentiful; the Chaumontel pears of Jersey are in particular celebrated throughout England, and exported thither in great quantities. Apple orchards abound, and a great deal of cider is made here: flowers also flourish in every variety.

The greater portion of the English settlers in Jersey have their residences in the immediate vicinity of its principal town, St. Heliers, which is surrounded by hills affording most eligible sites for dwelling houses, and commanding an extensive sea view.

The town itself is replete with all the conveniences of civilized life, and is scarcely to be surpassed in the accommodations it affords by any place equally distant from the metropolis: it possesses numerous Churches, several Hotels, an excellent market, Assembly Rooms, a Club, a Theatre, without a resident company, but regularly visited by the celebrities from London and elsewhere, French and English shops, where the latest novelties from Paris and London are to be obtained, a fine Pier, forming a delightful prome-

nade, and public gardens, which are much frequented. There is also a College newly erected, and schools of all kinds are numerous. Races are held annually at Goree.

St. Heliers is computed to contain 60,000 inhabitants, English and Native. It has a fine and commodious harbour, protected by the strong fortification of Elizabeth Castle, at about a mile from the shore, with which it communicates at low water by a Causeway, which becomes covered at high tide. There is also a fort on land commanding the sea approach and town, but the Island's chief protection is in its iron-bound coast, rendering navigation most perilous to a stranger, and safe to its native marines and pilots only in clear daylight. The garrison consists of the depôt of some regiment on foreign service, and a detachment of artillery. There is also a large Island militia, which is periodically called out for exercise and inspection. Mails from and to London arrive and depart three times weekly by the Southampton steamers, and the Islands are included in the penny postage.

Jersey itself is about 30 miles in circumference, contains a population of about 120,000 (which, it may be observed, is double that of the Isle of Wight, the latter Island being double the size of the former), and its towns are three in number, St. Heliers, St. Aubins, and Goree, the two latter being, however, but large villages : the smaller villages are numerous, the country houses extremely pretty, and the Island is surrounded by numerous bays, St. Brelade's, St. Catherine's, Bouley Bay, Grêve de Lecy, &c. &c., which in summer are much resorted to as places for bathing and recreation. The roads throughout the Island are good, the largest being that from St. Heliers to Cape Grosnez, distant nine miles, where a fine view of the French coast is obtained, and at all hours of the day there is communication by coach and omnibus between St. Heliers, St. Aubins and Goree, each of the latter distant about five miles from the principal town. The country is hilly, and has pretty scenery, but is wanting in large trees, all it possesses being small and stunted. In St. Heliers English is the language universally spoken, except perhaps by the saleswomen from Normandy, whose national head-dress has so picturesque an effect in the streets and markets ; in the country, however, a vile patois French prevails, about as difficult to comprehend as the French of Strasbourg. Chief among the show places of the Island, and the favorite resort of pic-nic parties are Mont Orgueil Castle and Prince's Tower, the former a fine old building, erected some centuries ago, and situated at Goree, the latter a high tower surrounded by a grove, and from its summit commanding a fine and extensive view of the island, sea, and French coast. The history of this building is involved in obscurity, but among the Islanders the following is the legend attached to it :

"In ancient times, this island was infested by a fierce and fiery dragon, by whom the inhabitants were much molested and destroyed, when, to relieve them from the monster, a valiant Norman Knight sallied forth from the mainland, accompanied by his squire, who had formed an improper attachment for the lady of his lord. The said Knight having

slain the dragon, was on this spot himself slain by treachery by his follower, who returning to his country, endeavored to impose on the widow, with a statement that his master had lost his life in the encounter with the beast, recommending him with his last breath to the future affections of the lady: but his falsehood being discovered, he was delivered up to the laws, (if there were any,) while the disconsolate widow erected a tomb to her husband on the spot where he had fallen, and of such height as to be always in her sight from her dwelling on the coast, where she mourned him with a constancy not often exhibited by widows of modern times, and hence "La Hougue Bie," or Prince's Tower, the former name being supposed to be derived from the residence of the heroine. Poetically this Legend might be thus rendered:—

On Jersey's Isle, in ancient times,
There roved a Dragon savage,
Who swallowed little children up,
And all the land did ravage.

II.

Until a valiant Norman Knight,
Of high renown and name,
To free the Island from this scourge,
And slay the monster, came.

III.

And with him 'cross the waters wents,
The squire he trusted well,
But whose base heart too late was found,
In treachery to excel.

IV.

Dire conflict soon began between
The Knight and savage beast,
Till by the prowess of the man,
The brute became deceased.

V.

The valiant Knight, with toil o'erwhelm'd,
In heavy slumber lay,
The faithless squire seizing his sword,
Forthwith his lord did slay.

VI.

And hastening to his master's halls,
This false tale did relate:
"Fair lady! from yon monster fierce
"Your lord has met his fate;

VII.

" Great tho' the valor of the Knight,
" And great the deeds he did do,
" 'Twas all in vain, my lord was slain,
" And you're a *pretty* widow.

VIII.

" He charged me with his latest breath,
" To take you for my bride,
" So here I've sped, with you to wed,
" And by his will abide."

IX.

Indignantly the widow spurn'd
The proffers of the knave;
The truth to find, made up her mind,
And sailed across the wave.

X.

And having reached the fatal Isle,
The fact did there discover—
Just was her cause—She to the laws
Consigned her would-be lover.

XI.

And mourning for her murdered lord,
The flames of grief she fanned,
And would not be to any he,
A wife at second hand.

XII.

The memory of her early love,
Firm in her heart did lodge—
Best of her sex! she never tried,
The husband hunting-dodge.

XIII.

But to commemorate his deeds,
A Tower forthwith did build,
Erected on the fatal spot,
Where he was basely killed.

XIV.

And as her Knight's last resting place,
This Tower she raised so high,
That from her home in Normandy,
Its summit she might spy.

XV.

Retiring to her native land,
From lattice of her bower,
Until her death, her eyes she fixed,
Upon her dead Knight's Tower.

XVI.

Ye Widows! seeking to replace
Dead husbands, think how she
Was faithful to her lost bold Knight,
This heroine of "Hougue Bie."

The steamers from Jersey communicating with the French coast afford opportunities for many delightful tours at small expence, and a few months of the summer may be very agreeably passed at many pretty places in Normandy and Brittany: in the former country Avranches is the favorite place of resort for English visitors, and is reached by Diligence in a few hours from the port of Granville; in the latter St. Servan, a suburb of the port of St. Malo, is sometimes used as a place of occasional residence, but the pretty village of Dinan, on the river Rance, to which a steam-boat runs from St. Malo in about a couple of hours, and through the prettiest river scenery, is most frequented. At both these places are English boarding houses, and lodgings may be had on very low terms. They are much resorted to by the English residents of the Islands, and their vicinity as agreeable places for occasional change and recreation is a great recommendation to the latter. Extended tours may be made to Caen, Havre, &c., on the one side, and to the pleasant towns on the Loire, or further southward, on the other, all travelling and hotel charges in those parts of France being at a very low rate. With regard to society, there is little mixture between the English settlers and native islanders. A few among the old families of the latter are occasionally to be seen in the houses of the former, but the present large English population affords an exclusive society to those who prefer it as most are found to do, and from the main portion of the English residents being people similar in class, confined to moderate incomes and of known circumstances, there is in their association a degree of freedom, and an absence from that competition for appearances so often observable in our own country, which tend to render society highly agreeable to those unaccustomed as are old Indians to its formalities and restraints. The natives, generally speaking, cannot but be considered an inferior race. Intermarriage to a degree elsewhere unheard of has been accompanied by its inevitable results in physical and mental disease, unfruitful unions prevail to an immense extent, and among the lower orders, the wretched diet in use, consisting principally of vegetables and Conger eel, which is here found in the greatest abundance, must tend greatly to physical decay. The climate of the Islands is milder than that of England, its chief agrémens are an early spring and late autumn, both delightful seasons here, shortening the winter, which is too wet, with less frost and snow than is the case on the mainland, while the summer is too hot, and is the time of year best adapted for some pleasant excursion to either side of the channel. In the Government of the two Islands there exist some

trifling and unimportant differences. Both are ruled by the ancient Norman laws, are unrepresented in Parliament, have a Governor nominated by the Crown, who being a Military Officer, has also the chief command of the troops, the legislative authority being vested in assemblies called "The States," presided over by the "Baillie," and composed, in the case of Jersey, of the Dean of St. Heliers, the Vicars of the principal rural parishes of the Island, which are many in number, and other ex-officio members. The prevailing laws must be admitted to be as imperfect as from their antiquity may well be supposed, but they little concern the English inhabitants who are not engaged in trade or agriculture. Those of debtor and creditor are considered especially nefarious, it being in the power of the fraudulently disposed, by a trifling legal process, to become separated from their wives, "quant aux biens," as regards their property, and the continued announcements in the Government Gazette of the place shew how freely advantage is taken of such power to evade the claims of creditors. The laws regarding lands and tenements are likewise founded on principles in which justice seems to have little concern, and the stranger will do well to enter into no transactions in such matters, but with the advice of his lawyer on the spot, with which precaution he cannot go far wrong. The police regulations and arrangements were lately most notoriously inefficient, though strange to say, acts of robbery and violence were of no common occurrence, but it is believed that during the last few years an improved and additional police establishment has been forced on the islanders by the Home Secretary. During a long residence on the island, the writer never once encountered that nuisance of all the world civilized or uncivilized, a beggar, but whether owing to native charity, universal prosperity, or stringent laws, he cannot tell.

The coinage of the islands consists of copper only, pennies, half-pennies and farthings, coined in the name of the "States," and passing at the rate of 13 pence per English shilling. All English coins are likewise current at the same rate, as well as French franc and five-franc pieces at a variable exchange. There are numerous town as well as parochial Banks, all issuing their £1 notes and mostly considered sound and solvent. The stranger in receiving money will be astonished at the various descriptions of paper currency, much of it years and years in circulation, in which he will be paid.

The above description being drawn from personal observation, during a somewhat lengthened residence in the places to which it relates, and with such minuteness as the object of this paper appears to render necessary, it is hoped that sufficient has been said to enable those who may be seeking a pleasant and economical locality for their retirement from active service, to form, *prima facie*, such judgment as can be arrived at without personal observation of the recommendations which the Channel Islands possess. That the main land of old England will have the preference with those to whom an odd hundred or two are of little consequence in their yearly expenditure there

cannot be much doubt, but with how few among Military men is this the case! With many the choice must lie between India, a continental residence, or a retreat, such as has been here described, and to such the advantages detailed may be well worthy of consideration.

THE DUKE.

We may not mourn for Him—
His was a soul too noble to be mourned;
Of God's nobility—not that of men;
He is not lost to us, although returned
To regions more congenial; even then
His spirit and his influence still are ours,
For ever shrined 'mid earth's undying powers.

No, we may mourn for those
Upon the top of our society;
The weeds that float upon the social pool,
When it is stagnant, they are born and die,
The Profligate, the Ruffian and the Fool;
And we *may* mourn, that ever such should find
The means to cast dishonour on mankind.

But not for *Him* we mourn—
That spirit may be reigning in a Star,
Where free from all alloys that dimmed it here,
Its glorious brightness may shine out afar
Diffusing splendour through a loftier sphere;
Death could have been release alone for Him,
Not for such parting should our eyes be dim.

Yet mourn we for the Earth,
That of such spirits there should be so few,
Such slender hope of one to fill the space,
And stand forth leader of the meaner crew,
When *He* hath sought *Above* his native place!
Hero! we mourn for Earth, and not for Thee,
Thou hast gained Rest, the Earth but Memory.

SIR THOMAS MUNRO AND HIS TIMES.*

It was not a Dilettantism this of Abbot Samson. It was a Reality, and it is one. The garment only of it is dead; the essence of it lives through all Time and all Eternity.

CARLYLE'S "*Past and Present.*"

WHATEVER else of real or fancied significance may be thought to separate this nineteenth century in any moral or social view from this or the other of its elder brethren, one at least of its distinguishing features will hardly be ignored by the most perverse or careless of modern thinkers. We allude to those signs of quickened mental activity which the least reflexion must force upon our notice in rather a tumultuous way. For thought in these later days has indeed been advancing with strides considerably swifter than heretofore. Its apostles are no longer to be counted by twos and threes amidst the surrounding swarms of thoughtless humanity. Its circles are widening daily as man's intercourse with his neighbour becomes daily closer and more sustained. In many strange unspeakable ways are the great inventions of modern science redounding here and there to the mental wakening of thousands, who had otherwise been like to live and die as ignorant and brutish as the generations they are following to the tomb. The thirst for knowledge has of late been growing upon the world at large in a tenfold ratio, one might almost say, to the development of new means for its diffusion. The efforts we are daily re-doubling to supply the wants and stimulate the workings of the merely physical man serve, each in its own degree, to bring out the slumbering energies and inform the shapeless instincts of the mental man. The railway booms its warnings of a new intellectual avatar upon the ears of a multitude waxing continually denser and more wakeful. There are thousands of human hearts beating everywhere in hopeful answer to the message which thrills along the electric wire. Wherever commerce stoops to refresh its wings, there, you may feel certain, will be dropped some seeds of intellectual life, fated in due season to bring forth their manifold harvest out of a soil whose native fruitfulness has been choked and seemingly destroyed by the silent overgrowth of past ages. Wherever the soldier has left his desolating track, even there may we count on seeing the barrenness of present havoc re-placed eventually by the warm fore-shadowings of an epoch far richer in mental fruit than that which had been so rudely swept away. Ignorance and barbarism must assuredly recede in time before the approaches of civilization, come in whatever guise it may.

And the Press too—that hardy offspring and staunch champion of modern freedom, which tyrants,

* Life of Sir Thomas Munro, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M. A.—London: 1849.

great and little hate as they do justice, and despots like Louis Napoleon obey their truest instincts in striving to put down—is not the Press too a powerful engine? Is it not rather the powerfullest of all for shedding the light of knowledge on the nations that sit in darkness? Has it not opened out to the popular mind a rich Hesperides-Garden of intellectual wealth, of which the priestcraft and pharisaism of former days had no fit conception, even while they sought to guard its avenues from the approach of vulgar enquirers? Truly the art of Fust and Guttenburg has wrought no common marvels in the cause of human enlightenment. With the aid of machinery surpassing the wildest dreams of Fust and Guttenburg that art has so multiplied and cheapened the written products of human thought, that nearly all who choose may now drink more or less deeply at the well from which so few of their forefathers were permitted even to draw their modest thimbleful. As much as Art can ever be expected to do for Nature, is the Press beginning to do for human intellect. It cannot anyhow create the spell with which it works so ably. You cannot ask it to furnish new elements of mental activity, or strike out new roads to intellectual greatness. Shakspere and Bacon are essentially the children of Nature alone. No amount of modern learning could make a Stephenson out of Colonel Sibthorp, or raise a Cottle to the height of Milton. No art as yet revealed to us could ever fill up a vacuum in the mental world, or turn a born idiot into a genius of the first water. But the Press can wield an empire over the mental world only less supreme than the empire which Nature wields over all created things. If it cannot arrest the law which called it into existence, it can at least elicit the inherent resources of human intellect to a most incredible degree. If it cannot control the course of Nature, it can at least display in their full activity the more hidden wonders of Nature's handiwork. It is already beginning to create a new world of thoughtful progress and intellectual yearnings out of the rude materials provided by former ages; to give new zest and wider scope to the discussion of philosophic problems, and the ventilation of note-worthy ideas; to rouse the mouldering souls of untaught millions to something like a clear sense of their actual deficiencies, and an earnest desire to rise up from the Lethe of ignorance wherein they have so long been content to wallow. Every-whither, to the farthest corners of this earthly globe, the Press has begun to cast forth its endless stores of mental nourishment, all too slowly as yet to satisfy the hungry multitudes who are crying aloud for deliverance from the bondage they never felt before.

The increased facilities for acquiring knowledge have acted in their turn upon the general character of our popular literature. The wants of the unlearned many have fairly carried the day against the formal requirements of the learned few. Mere massive erudition, long-winded treatises on matters of doubtful moment, bulky quartos of cut and dried morality, elaborate dust-heaps of useless speculation, no longer form

the staple of our literary food. The general reader will have nothing to do with viands of that undainty sort. His mental yearnings are only to be soothed by the greatest possible amount of picturesque matter compressed into the smallest possible compass. Novels in ten volumes or so have long ceased to fill the book-shelf or grace the breakfast table. We doubt if one in a hundred of those who know Richardson by name have ever had the courage to read 'Clarissa Harlowe.' Still less popular now are the voluminous utterances of Baxter and Jeremy Taylor. The only histories we care to read now, are those which shew us in the reading some glimpses of an evident design to please the many rather than to instruct the few. The author who would make his way to present distinction must learn to consult the tastes of the general reader, or count on being at once left behind on the road to present distinction. The author who writes to live must write also to win the attention of those on whom he depends for the means of living. Eager for novelty and thirsting after miscellaneous knowledge, our reading public has seldom much leisure for the perusal of bulky tomes, while it has plenty of spare half hours to devote to reading of a compacter sort. In the steady growth of our periodical literature we trace accordingly the peculiar out-flowings of the popular mind. Our best writers now begin by catering for the newspaper press, writing pleasant articles for popular journals, or condensing into the pages of a quarterly review the information they could otherwise have diffused over the ample range of a prou octavo. Owing to the same taste for light desultory reading, historical research has generally forsaken its ancient garb to appear in a critical or biographical form. We are not inclined to murmur at the change. Much sound and useful knowledge is thus imparted in a lively piece-meal way to a wider circle of learners, than the same knowledge worked up into a form more strictly historical could ever in all likelihood have secured. Does not a single page of minute picturesque Froissart, historian though he was, delight us more than whole volumes of formal Smollett? Clio in the biographer's green-room will evolve more points of true human interest, display more curious touches of human character, than Clio strutting it in her overdone bravery before the foot-lights of a thorough-paced historian. We like to catch some glimpses of the domestic comedy which goes on behind the scenes, remote from but really linked in rather a curious way with the events and characters of the pure historical drama. We like to see the great men come down to our common level; to catch Cæsar basking in the smiles of his Egyptian enchantress; to hear Cromwell joking with his friend Harrison, or speaking tender words to his daughter Elizabeth; to see how bravely Bolingbroke can bear himself amidst the trials of his later years. We like to trace political movements up to their hidden sources; to mark the petty influences which often determine the course of great events; to observe the steps by which men have risen to the place they held among their cotemporaries, or that which they are persuaded to hold among ourselves.

If only as an aid to our appreciation of historic facts, the biographies which issue daily from the Press may be reckoned among the greatest boons which the spirit of modern literature has yet conferred upon the reading world. But biography does more than this. It supplies details of greater or less interest, suggests ideas of greater or less moment, from which the future historian may learn to evolve something like a faithful estimate of the times he has undertaken to chronicle. And it also sets before us in their own distinctive characters some noteworthy scenes and humanities of no common order, on which the historian is content to touch lightly or refrain sometimes from touching at all. It shews us, as Mr. Gleig has done in his pleasant memoir of Sir Thomas Munro, how much of quiet greatness and genuine worth may escape detection in the bird's-eye view which history is fain to take of human affairs.

Among the great men of an age which produced some of the greatest men that India has ever seen, the hero of Mr. Gleig's biography claims no undistinguished place whether as a soldier or a statesman. For a great man we must assuredly deem him, however narrow the circle in which he moved compared with some of his more shining cotemporaries, and however doubtful may be his title to a lasting place in the ranks of history's great men. It is not chiefly by the accidents of his public career that a character like that of Sir Thomas Munro can be fairly estimated. The extent of his real worth must be viewed by circumstances less obtrusive than those which form the ground-work of all historic narration. His greatness belonged to a very different type from that which made Cæsar prefer being, if he had the choice, 'the best wrestler on the green' of his native village, to holding the second place within the walls of Rome. His better nature alone would have forbidden him under any circumstances to think of rising to the doubtful eminence of a Napoleon. But it is hardly too much to say that circumstances alone debarred him from aspiring to the juster fame of a Wellington or a Wellesley. Acting as he did a rather subordinate part in the great political movements of his day, he yet managed to display a degree of natural ability sufficient to have carried him with much éclat through any part he might have been allowed to bear in the great political movements of his day. His greatness lay less in what he actually did, than in the promise he gave of talents equal to whatever he might under luckier circumstances have found himself in the position to do. Be it remembered also that Munro's Indian career was marked from beginning to end, by the presence on our Anglo-Indian stage of men whose fame has spread far beyond the scene of their first or greatest achievements. The names of Hastings, Wellesley, and Wellington suggest a galaxy of merit bright enough to throw a world of lesser celebrities altogether into the shade. Comparing Munro with such a triad we are almost fain to allow that

> "——— micat inter omnes
> Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
> Luna minores."

Mr. Gleig has little to tell us on the subject of Munro's boy-

hood. Of that little still less is worth retailing here. Young Master Thomas gave none of those remarkable signs which biographers are apt to discover in those who grow up to be remarkable men. There was nothing in his mental growth to distinguish him greatly from other lads of his own standing. He was not remembered for his precocity like many who come to nothing after all. Nor was he an idle hopeless 'neer-do-weel' like young Clive. Nor did his temper prove, like that of poor young Shelley, uncongenial to the atmosphere of a crowded school-room. Young Munro was fond of his book. But he was also fond of out-door sports and manly exercises. At the age of thirteen, when he entered Glasgow College, we find him described as "a tall, "robust, and somewhat awkward "looking lad; indifferent rather "than otherwise to the niceties "of costume and manner; but "his disposition was manly, his "heart good, and his forbearance "and powers of self-denial re-"markable." On the whole he seems to have been a kindly, right-thinking, clever youth, much liked by his companions and giving no trouble to his masters. It is pleasant also to learn that his parents were happy in the knowledge of their son's affection, and that a deep sense of filial duty persuaded him on one occasion to decline the offer of a Lieutenant's commission, in order that he might fulfil his father's hopes of seeing him realise a fortune through the counting-house. Such traits of boyish character contain no very clear foreshadowings of the destiny which awaited the grown-up man. But the general likeness they bear to similar traits in the portrait of the grown-up man, stamps them at once as truthful indexes to the later growth of a nature peculiarly strong and self-relying. A warm heart and indifference to personal graces were qualities just as characteristic of the soldier-politician of later days, as they had formerly been of the awkward-looking Glasgow scholar.

Happily for himself however, the young clerk was not doomed to many days of reluctant drudgery. He had just entered his eighteenth year when his father's bankruptcy left him free to accept a Cadetship in the East India Company's service, but too poor withal to pay the expenses of his passage out. There were no friends at hand to help him through such a strait. His father had enough to do in shifting for himself and the rest of his helpless family. But young Munro had not been studying self-denial for nothing. Making a virtue of necessity he worked his way to India before the mast, and arrived at the scene of his future command with an ill-stocked purse, but with a heart of hope and a firm resolve to do his duty by his masters, come what might. When forty years later Sir Thomas Munro stood once more upon the old remembered sea-beach, a Governor full of years and honors, with what a thrill of proud yet mournful satisfaction must his thoughts have glanced back through intervening years to the hour when he first landed, a penniless but strong-hearted youngster, in the country which afterwards witnessed the gradual fulfilment of his

youthful dreams, and was destined a few years later to become his grave!

It was not long before the quality of Munro's firmness was exposed to rather a trying ordeal. A "griff" of the present day would perhaps be inclined to laugh at the credulity which entailed the trial. But Munro's credulity resulted from his native guilelessness, and few griffs of the present day would have met the consequences as unflinchingly as he did. On reaching Madras he had been led to engage the services of one of those plausible knaves who infest the landing-places of other towns beside Madras, and speak in other tongues besides the Hindustani. The hopeful servant straightway began his trade by advising his master to get rid of nearly all his English clothes as things quite useless or out of fashion, and replace them with furniture of a more essential sort. Beguiled by counsel seemingly of the soundest and thinking no evil of one who had brought him such flattering credentials, our honest young Scotchman fell at once into the snare. He entrusted the rascal with the condemned clothes to barter for new ones, and with a few guineas—the whole of his scanty savings—to expend in the purchase of whatever he deemed essential to the bare requirements of a subaltern's outfit. The man departed with his burden, but to poor Munro's disgust and wonderment he never returned. It was a ruinous blow for our young Ensign. But the manner in which he repaired it brought out his natural strength of character in a very remarkable way. He made the best shift he could with his few remaining clothes, gave up visiting his friends in great measure, and stinted himself not only of every luxury but even of many a poor comfort, until he had managed to scrape together a sum sufficient to replace what he had so rashly lost. Yet, for all his painful economy, it was near six months—he writes to his mother—"before I could save money enough to buy me a few suits of linen." Such instances of self-denial are worth recording; for it was chiefly by his habits of self-denial that the penniless young soldier fought his way to whatever of worldly distinction he subsequently achieved.

It was a fine time for hopeful Ensigns when young Munro set foot in Madras. The beginning of 1780 ushered in a dark and stormy prospect for the powers and principalities of Southern India. Disgusted with the shuffling conduct of his English allies and charmed by sounding assurances of aid from their French rivals, Hyder Ali was already concocting that vast scheme of aggressive warfare which ended, years after, in the total downfal of the Mysorean power. A little later he was pouring his relentless hordes upon the Carnatic, and carrying fire and sword far into the very heart of the British Presidency. The Madras Government was taken wholly by surprise. It was only when the smoke of Hyder's invasion had become visible from the ramparts of Fort St. George, that its eyes began to open to the full extent of the impending danger. It was late in autumn before a body of British troops was ready to take the field against our whilom ally. But the danger was not fairly grappled

with even then. The movements of our Military leaders were quite of a piece with the blunders already perpetrated by the civil powers. While Hyder with his countless swarms was raging almost within sight of the British capital, Sir Hector Monro insisted on concentrating his troops at a point some fifty miles away from the British capital. The consequences of his rashness soon disclosed themselves in rather a painful way. On its march to the rendezvous at Conjeveram a large detachment under Colonel Baillie was surprised and utterly annihilated by the troops of Hyder. A few only of the survivors were taken and carried off to Seringapatam, to endure a life of suffering compared with which the fate of their slaughtered comrades would have been deemed a mercy. Scared by this great disaster the main army under General Monro began its hasty retreat from Conjeveram to find its only shelter in the immediate neighbourhood of Madras. The strong fort of Arcot surrendered after a weak defence to the forces of the Mysorean conqueror. Wandiwash, Vellore, and other strong places in the Carnatic were closely invested; and the British troops looked on powerless and inactive at the ravages which Hyder was everywhere dealing upon the fair lands of their unfortunate ally. A French fleet was already on its way to encourage the efforts of the Mysorean ruler. French troops led by first-rate officers had already placed themselves under Hyder's colors. It seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save our power in Southern India from utter extinction towards the close of that disastrous year.

Happily for the British name, the destinies of British India were lodged in the hands of one who had already proved himself equal to any need. Warren Hastings was then in the full swing of his memorable career. He saw at once the urgency of the danger and lost no time in devising measures to repair the mischief already done. The Madras authorities were superseded in the functions they had shewn such small ability to discharge aright. The Governor himself was suspended. Brave old Sir Eyre Coote was shipped off without delay to conduct the war against Hyder. A choice body of good British troops accompanied him to the scene of action. A large sepoy force was ordered to follow him with all possible haste by land. These were arbitrary measures; but Hastings was not the man to stand on punctilios when the safety of an important province, perhaps the very existence of Anglo-Indian rule, was staked on the course he might elect to follow.

The results answered his expectations. In the middle of December the hero of Wandiwash had taken the field with such forces as he could muster. The name of their General gave new courage to troops who only required good leading to beat any number of their enemies in open fight. A series of exploits always brilliant, generally most successful, proved that age had done little to cloud the intellect which shone out so clearly many years before in the campaigns under Lord Clive. Pressing close on Hyder's retreating footsteps Coote forced him to raise the sieges of the principal strongholds in the Carnatic; baffled his attempts

to take the English by surprise or bring them to battle on disadvantageous terms; and signally defeated him in the general action at Porto Novo on the first of July, 1781. Turning again upon his bold pursuer with all the confidence derived from his strong position and overwhelming numbers, the redoutable Sultan was again defeated after a desperate struggle at the very spot where he had annihilated the troops of Colonel Baillie but a few months before. Once again the dashing old General surprised his boastful antagonist into an action which resulted in the crowning victory of Sholinghur, and enabled Coote to relieve the garrisons of Vellore and Tripassore. Before the close of 1781 the force of Hyder's invasion was fairly stemmed, and the British arms with hardly one exception had re-asserted their old ascendancy over the barbarous nations and ill-ordered armies of Southern India.

The next year saw Hyder again descending on the Carnatic, strengthened with new detachments of his French allies, but unwilling for all that to try new conclusions with his old antagonist in the open field. He preferred harassing our troops with occasional skirmishes and wasting an impoverished country with continual forays. But the success he thus achieved was rather trifling on the whole. He never recovered the ground he had lost during the previous year. As a set-off against his capture of Cuddalore and the defeat inflicted on Colonel Braithwaite's detachment, he was brought once more to battle by Sir Eyre Coote and defeated with no little slaughter at Arnee. The vantage thus gained was followed up with praiseworthy resolution. In spite of the difficulties raised by the outbreak of a war with Holland, the British hastened to assail the Mysorean power on the side of Western India, while another force was sent to make head against the Dutch settlements on the Eastern coast. Meanwhile the efforts of Warren Hastings had succeeded in removing another formidable thorn from the side of British India. He patched up a treaty with Hyder's Mahratta allies, by which that monarch's power was materially weakened, while the English were left free at a critical moment to employ their whole resources in the struggle with their ablest and most determined foe. The death of that foe however towards the close of the same year seems to have inspired our countrymen for a time with even greater hopefulness, than all the commanding statesmanship of Hastings or the military prowess of Coote had hitherto availed to do. Men ventured to breathe more freely now that their evil genius had gone to his last account.

But quite as determined and hardly less able was the foe they had yet to deal with. The rightful claimant of his father's throne proved also the rightful inheritor of his father's ambitious schemes. The Hydra had only lost a head or two as yet. We had scotched the snake, not killed it. While the English were idly rejoicing over the news of Hyder's death, Tippoo was preparing to carry on the war with all his father's energy, if not with all his father's genius. The first days of his sovereignty seemed to promise a repetition of Hyder's earlier successes. A change for the worse

began about this time to influence the course of British destinies. Coote had returned to Bengal, and his place was filled by leaders of a very inferior stamp. Disunion among the ruling powers was again the order of the day. While the Madras Government was quarrelling with its officers on the one side of India, General Matthews was throwing away a fine army on the other. The surrender of Bednore by the latter left Tippoo predominant in Malabar. On the Madras side General Stewart's ill-timed inaction kept the game yet a little longer in suspense. Eventually however the fortune of war began to incline again towards the side it had so often favored before. In the teeth of circumstances which foreboded an issue far less fortunate, British valor succeeded, after a hard day's work in storming Bussy's lines in front of Cuddalore; and Stewart was pushing the investment of the town itself, when tidings of a peace with France suspended further hostilities against an enemy whose power for mischief had not been thoroughly quelled by his late defeat. Deserted by his old allies, driven gradually back from his favorite battle-ground, his very capital threatened by our troops, Tippoo was only too glad to conclude a peace which deprived him of no substantial advantage, and left him free at any future period to renew on precisely the same terms as before a contest from which his adversaries had come out, in [illegible] parlance, decidedly the heaviest losers.

It was during this eventful season that young Munro took his first lessons in the art of war. Joining the army before its retreat from Conjeveram he bore his part in most of the subsequent operations. First as a simple ensign, afterwards as a staff-officer, he shared in all the fatigues and nearly all the glories of Coote's brilliant campaigns. Following the fortunes of Coote's successors he served as aide-de-camp to the officer who led the British centre in the hard-fought struggle at the lines of Cuddalore. Wherever there was work to be done, Munro was lucky enough to be in the thick of it. Such a course of military training could hardly fail to leave some transient impress even upon the least reflective mind. On that of young Munro it was calculated to produce an effect as lasting as we know it to have been intense and salutary. The stern realities of those boisterous times must have given the young soldier what years of theoretical schooling could hardly ever give, that practical insight into the science of warlike systems which enabled him, some years after, to turn his abilities to such good account upon a wider and more practicable field of personal exertion. In the letters he wrote home during this period we see how clear and correct a judgment he had learned already to form on the acts and movements of his military leaders; how readily he could give his reasons even then for defending an apparent blunder or finding fault with a measure which had led to apparently complete success. In those letters we see the writer much as he was seen at the time by his nearest friends; much as his warmest admirers would have wished him to be seen at all times by the world at large. We admit that a man's letters are not al-

ways to be viewed as faithful manifestations of his real character. There are some men whose habit of acting a part will affect their private correspondence no less than it affects their public behaviour. There are men of intellect who find it a sore puzzle to answer a tradesman's dun, or write two lines to a friend on ordinary subjects. There are some kindly true-hearted beings whose letters read as if they had been written on ice. In these days of railroads and daily posts a man may have written whole volumes without leaving his mental mark upon a single line. But posts in Munro's days were few and far between. A correspondent writing from India thought himself lucky to get an answer from England within the twelvemonth. To write an epistle then to a dear friend at home was indeed a labor of love, requiring many days and not a few sheets for its completion. There was a host of tidings to be imparted to the object of an intercourse exchangeable hardly once a year. There was a world of tender utterances to be compressed into a document which took six months to reach its destination. And Munro's letters were necessarily not of the shortest in those stirring times. But they are full of matter well worth the perusal, breathing much of that kindly affectionate spirit which marked his boyish days, and displaying much of that strong clear-headed thoughtfulness which pervaded the statesman of days to come. They read to our thinking like a series of youthful portraits of the friend we knew so intimately in his maturer years.

The peace of July 1783 broke up the army which had invested Cuddalore, and sent Munro back to his regimental duties. The next few years passed over him in a peaceful but far from profitless way. For there was that in the prudent young soldier which ever spurred him to keep his mental acquirements from running to seed. It was the fashion in those days for officials of every grade in the Company's Services, to affect an ignorance of Eastern languages which would be deemed unpardonable in the lowest subaltern of the present day. The results of such affectation were striking enough in the abuses which then disgraced the working of our administrative system. That it led to much needless suffering in aggravation of sufferings already hard enough to bear, to much wanton violation of prescriptive rights and social decencies, to much serious abatement of the practical blessings of civilised rule, we need not stop to demonstrate now. That the evil has since been acknowledged in the measures taken to prevent its recurrence, was owing less to the consideration of its moral enormity than to a growing sense of the results it was fast entailing upon the sources of our financial wealth. Against such affectation Munro had set his face from the first. He was not one of that numerous class who go through life without a notion of the objects for which men should pray to live. Nor was he one of those selfish few whose idea of the *summum bonum* consists in the delight of ministering to their own selfish desires. He felt that he had his allotted part to play out in the world's comedy: a part which however

humble required some little earnestness to play aright. He had the sense to perceive and act upon the fact of his true importance, as a unit in the mass of outer agencies whereby the fate and character of a countless people was already shapening for future weal or woe. He saw how much of profit to himself might be gained by a line of action redounding more or less directly to the happiness of his fellow men. Even during the war Munro seems to have found time to prosecute his Eastern studies. With the return of peace he set himself with redoubled earnestness to a task which his natural aptitude for mastering languages must have made sufficiently light, however little he cared to pursue it for its own sake. The self-taught Spanish scholar of an earlier day could not have found much to puzzle, if there was little to attract, him in the ruder elements of Persian and Hindustani. Certain it is that in spite of his growing disrelish for the vaunted beauties of eastern literature, a disrelish not seldom felt by those who have dived deep into the exhaustless treasures of western lore, Munro's proficiency was rewarded in 1788 with a place in the Intelligence Department as junior to Captain Read, one of the ablest members of a corps which gloried in the number of its able members. What sort of duties devolved upon him in this new capacity, we are not very clearly informed. That they included more than could be guessed from their nominal import, may be gathered from the share he seems to have taken in the political arrangements which crowned the compulsory surrender of his Guntoor Circar by our dear friend and useful neighbour, the Nizam.

It is curious to turn from Munro's position as a rising public character to his manner of living during these earlier stages of his Military service. The Indian officer of those days was decidedly a less luxurious animal than his representative at the present day. In so saying we would be understood to cast no injurious reflexion upon the latter. We merely assert a difference which implies virtually nothing more than the difference in outward seeming between the social life of the present day and the social life of sixty years ago. Sir Charles Napier's notions of a model officer, with hardly a change of linen, with his two towels and his solitary cake of soap, are not much in keeping with the social requirements of his refined and comfort-loving age. But they would hardly have been thought preposterous by a veteran, who had fought at Porto Novo, or entered the breach at Seringapatam. To the officer of sixty years ago many of our modern luxuries, some even of our modern comforts, were either quite unknown, or, what was much the same, entirely impracticable. His peculiar manner of life simply took its tone from the peculiar habits of the society in which he lived. It was clearly no merit of his if he seldom drank beer, if he kept no expensive Arabs, if he could carry his wardrobe upon his back; if his monthly expenditure seldom exceeded his monthly pay. It was hardly possible for him to live otherwise. With equal justice you might praise him for abstaining from iced champagne, or eschewing the luxury of a spring mattrass. Whatever temperance

he may have shewn in particular points was mainly if not quite owing to circumstances very different from those through which his modern representative is compelled to pursue his way. To charge the latter with indulgence in particular luxuries, is one question. To blame him for indulging in luxuries unknown to his predecessor, is entirely another. And to ask him to prune his outward appurtenances into exact or even partial conformity with the social usages of half a century ago, is tantamount to expecting nature to retrace its course, to undo all that science and commerce have lately been doing for us, and to bring back our boasted humanity exactly to where it was standing half a century ago.

But Munro's temperance and self-denial were of no doubtful or accidental sort. Always free from any proneness, natural or acquired, to extravagant courses, he was led by his strong sense of filial duty to a length of patient self-forgetfulness such as few men under like circumstances would have shewn the courage, even if they had felt the call, to emulate. His subaltern's pay as apart from the Indian allowances was no more than the present pay of a subaltern in her Majesty's service. How wretchedly small that is, whoever has tried to live like a gentleman upon a hundred a year can easily imagine. It was on such a pittance that Munro was for many years content to work his way, while the whole of his Indian batta was sent home to relieve the wants and cheer the spirits of his impoverished family. It is pleasant to see him about this time discussing with his brothers Daniel and Alexander, who had followed him to India in search of a livelihood, the yearly sums they were to club together for the support of their struggling parents at home. Brother Daniel, whose military duties seem to have been no bar to the business he had begun doing on his own account, promises largely; more largely than shrewd brother Thomas deems quite consistent with his actual prospects. Brother Alexander has less to offer, but what he offers goes punctually home. What sort of privations brother Thomas himself could suffer in the common cause, are best discernible in the following passages of a letter he wrote his sister at the commencement of 1789. To see how lightly he draws the picture, you would think that want and suffering were the merest jokes in the world, jokes which any one who had witnessed the mishaps of a pic-nic party could easily appreciate.

"......I have often wished that you were transported for a few hours to my room, to be cured of your Western notions of Eastern luxury........ You may not believe me when I tell you, that I never experienced hunger or thirst, fatigue or poverty, till I came to India—that since then I have frequently met with the firs three, and that the last has been my constant companion. If you wish for proofs, here they are:—I was three years in India before I was master of any other pillow than a book or a cartridge pouch; my bed was a piece of canvas stretched on four cross sticks, whose only ornament was the great coat that I brought from England, which, by a lucky invention, I turned into a blanket in the cold weather, by thrusting my legs into the sleeves, and drawing the skirts over my head. In this situation I lay, like Falstaff in the basket—hilt to point—and very

comfortable I assure you, all but my feet...........This bed served me till Alexander went last to Bengal, when he gave me an Europe camp-couch. ....I began to grow proud, and resolved to live in great style: for this purpose I bought two table-spoons, and two tea-spoons, and another chair—for I had but one before —a table, and two table-cloths. But my prosperity was of short duration, for, in less than three months, I lost three of my spoons, and one of my chairs was broken by one of John Napier's companions. This great blow reduced me to my original obscurity, from which all my attempts to emerge have hitherto proved in vain.

"My dress has not been more splendid than my furniture. I have never been able to keep it all of a piece; it grows tattered in one quarter, while I am establishing funds to repair it in another; and my coat is in danger of losing the sleeves, while I am pulling it off to try on a new waistcoat.

"My travelling expeditions have never been performed with much grandeur or ease. My only conveyance is an old horse, who is now so weak that, in all my journeys, I am always obliged to walk two-thirds of the way; and if he were to die, I would give my kingdom for another, and find nobody to accept of my offer.......I have often walked from sunrise to sunset, without any other refreshment than a drink of water.......

"My house at Vellore consists of a hall and a bedroom. The former contains but one piece of furniture,— a table; but on entering the latter, you would see me at my writing-table, seated on my only chair, with the old couch behind me, adorned with a carpet and pillow; on my right hand a chest of books, and on my left two trunks; one for holding about a dozen changes of linen, and the other about half a dozen of plates, knives and forks, &c."

Verily, for all the writer's pleasantry, there is much of hard soul-wearing discomfort suggested by such details as these. But Munro was not the man to grumble at hardships he had forechosen to incur. To him his mind was indeed 'a kingdom.' His cheerful temper could find much of happiness and amusement in a life which few would have encountered willingly, and not many would have endured without repining. He was not without friends either who could return the love he himself conceived for them. The hours he spent in study seem to have given him all the keener zest for the pleasure he derived from "visiting the ladies," or "playing cards at the commanding officer's." On the whole we must look upon him as eminently one of those fortunate beings who live on in the sunshine of their own strong unconquerable hearts, caring nothing for "fortune's frown or smile," and happier with a wretched crust of bread than thousands who have never known the want they could not straightway satisfy. It is chiefly out of stuff like this that the world's true men are fashioned into the noble shapes they eventually assume.

Munro was now in a fair way of rising to certain eminence in that branch of public service which every ambitious subaltern thinks to enter at some future day. But a new change in the posture of Anglo-Indian affairs was soon to enlist his services once more in the humbler field he had so lately quitted. The renewal of war with Tippoo was the signal for Munro to rejoin at his own request the regiment from which he had parted only two years before. Early in 1790 our troops were again assembling to repel their old enemy. After whetting his religious zeal upon the uncircumcised Christians of Canara,

and repelling a formidable inroad of his Mahratta neighbours, the restless monarch of Mysore had thought fit to turn his arms against the dominions of our Travancore ally. His attack on the fortress of Cranganore, in the teeth of strong protests from the Madras authorities provoked a departure from that peaceful policy which Lord Cornwallis had so often promised to uphold. With all his avowed reluctance to engage in warlike measures, the Governor General at once accepted the challenge thus boldly offered and prepared for warlike measures of the most effective sort. Wisely to our thinking he felt that the question of peace or war had now been virtually decided by Tippoo himself, who seemed bent on arguing out the graver question, whether Mysore or Britain was eventually to take the lead in the game of Eastern politics. With reference merely to our political standing, a breach with Tippoo might be deemed an evil not lightly to be incurred by a power which had lately begun to pride itself on its efforts to keep the peace with its warlike neighbours. But there was a limit to such forbearant policy, beyond which it degenerated into utter feebleness. It was folly to maintain a peaceful bearing, when every circumstance of our position cried out so strongly in favor of immediate war. It was idle to think of keeping terms any longer with a neighbour whose respect for treaties vanished with the first blush of a pretext for breaking those treaties without hindrance or seeming fear of any. In wantonly attacking our ally Tippoo had shewn how little he recked the consequences of our just resentment. Those consequences it behoved us to make him feel with the least possible delay. Accordingly General Meadows was at once commissioned to teach him anew the lesson he had hitherto conned to such little purpose. Some minor arrangements for securing the end in view were concluded at the same time. The Nizam was made a party to the scheme for humbling his old assailant. Purseram Bhow agreed for a suitable consideration to aid us with a suitable quota of his wild Mahratta horsemen. The terms of future peace were only to be settled under the walls of Seringapatam.

But the premiss so fairly laid was not carried to its widest conclusion. The war indeed was urged on with a vigor almost worthy of old Coote himself. With some allowance for the usual drawbacks our armies met on the whole with singular success. After six months of steady fighting Lord Cornwallis took the field in person, and drove Tippoo back upon his capital. Forced to retire for a while from the want of sufficient means for striking the final blow, he was enabled by the timely appearance of his Mahratta allies once more to break ground before Seringapatam in the beginning of 1792. Driven from every point of vantage without the walls, and closely invested in [illegible] last remaining stronghold, the afflicted Sultan was fain to surrender on whatever terms his pursuers would give him. Those terms were galling enough to a soul of Tippoo's calibre. But they were milder than any Tippoo had reason to count upon; far milder than those which Lord Cornwallis had the best possible

reasons for exacting. Unhappily, the latter was afraid to complete the work he had begun so well. He shrank at the last moment from accepting the very solution he had just been trying to prove the only correct one. If Tippoo was rightly punished for breaking the peace, it was right that he should be effectually disabled from all power to break the peace thereafter. It was mere waste of time to shear him of some present power, without plucking out the germs of its future resuscitation. The course actually adopted could only cripple him for a time. Sampson's hair was sure to grow again. What power was still to be reserved to him was quite sufficient to encourage his future schemes for regaining the power he was about to lose. It was certainly with no feeling of satisfaction that the troops before Seringapatam heard how the enemy, whose capital they were on the point of storming, had been let off with the payment of a heavy fine and the forfeiture of half his kingdom to the allied powers. It was with a similar feeling, caused by circumstances nearly similar that, more than fifty years later, men heard of the treaty which Lord Hardinge had just concluded with his Sikh opponents under the walls of Lahore. In both cases it was easy to perceive that the terms imposed on the conquered were precisely of that equivocal sort, which puts off to a future day the reckoning that sound policy would have insisted on settling finally upon the spot.

Resuming his old subaltern's work with the first sounds of coming strife, Munro bore his allotted part in some of the most striking incidents of these campaigns. He saw, though his regiment was not actively engaged in, the gallant moonlight assault which crowned the fall of Bangalore. Accompanying the army to Seringapatam, he joined in echoing the regret which generally prevailed at the announcement of an issue so different from what most men had hoped to see. Munro was deeply disappointed at results which seemingly fell so short of the objects for which our troops had avowedly taken the field. There was nothing of the mere soldier's thirst for glory—one might rather say for blood, in the motives of our hero's lament over the peaceful upshot of so promising a campaign. His letters give you far too high a notion of the man's mental stature to warrant the assumption of such a weakness as that. The chagrin he really felt on the occasion arose from motives infinitely purer and less impulsive. It flowed from a good understanding, not from a narrow heart. Munro had long since learned to view passing events in all their manifold bearings, by the light of his varied knowledge and calm judgment; and his critical eye at once enabled him to foresee the consequences in which our ill-timed compromise with haughty Tippoo would inevitably explode. His reasonings on this occasion might be taken for the reasonings of a historian writing many years after all Munro's forebodings had been amply verified.

Of the territory resigned by Tippoo to the allies a large fraction of the British share was comprised in the Baramahl district, on the western frontier of what was then our Madras Presidency. Lying in the direct

route to Seringapatam, the Baramahl had suffered severely from the presence of our armies during the late campaigns. It had also suffered, we take it, more than slightly from the previous misrule of Tippoo's officers. Its actual value at the time of cession was infinitely less than the value it was made to bear in Tippoo's rent books, or the value it has since acquired under the milder régime of its British masters. Its people had not been happy under the yoke of their Mussulman conquerors. But they were yet new to the sight of European faces, and had yet to become acquainted with the peculiar blessings of European rule. In settling the affairs of such a district it was held expedient to enforce a principle which had hitherto been slighted in rather an astonishing way. As usual 'competent' men were required for the work in hand; and as usual the Madras civilians were ready to perform the work of competent men. Some of these had talents of no common sort. Many of them could boast that amount of personal influence which serves to make talent visible, and sometimes compensates for the want of any talent at all. But the usual claims were doomed to a most unusual rejection. To their extreme surprise the Madras civilians suddenly found their views of competency no longer squaring with the views enforced by their superiors. They suddenly found themselves declared incompetent for the task of governing a people whose language they could not, or would not, understand. The Madras authorities looked elsewhere for the men they wanted. Among the few whose qualifications came up to the requisite mark, there were none more thoroughly competent than Munro and his old superior Captain Read. The preference given to these able men, distasteful as it was to those they virtually superseded, was amply justified by the amount of good they achieved themselves, or left in course of future development, during many years of patient usefulness and daily toil.

The life Munro had now set himself to lead in accordance with the view he took of the work entrusted to him, was one which peculiarly demanded, along with some other noteworthy requisites, "a sound constitution, capable of bearing heat and fatigue." Of this however Munro was naturally possessed to rather an enviable degree. Few men have ever braved the worst terrors of an Indian climate as successfully as he had hitherto done. This was owing partly to his habitual temperance, partly to that love of healthful bodily recreation which gave him in his boyish days as marked an ascendancy in the play ground, as his talents gave him in the school-room. But essentially and above all was it owing to that happy union of bodily with mental soundness which few men have ever displayed in such large and equal proportion as did Munro. His powers of endurance were astonishing, and he took care to tax those powers to the utmost. In a country peculiarly trying to the Saxon frame he managed to get through an amount of bodily exertion which many of his countrymen would have been sorry to emulate even in their native land. He thought nothing of walking for hours together under a sun far

fiercer and far more dangerous than that which drives the Italian homewards to the scene of his afternoon siesta. The wasting heats of May seemed to play upon his stout muscular frame almost as genially as the bracing cold of December. As little was his health affected or his range of exercise narrowed by the drenching rains of July or the leaden fever-teeming vapors of September. No change of weather seemed ever to punish the hardy Scotchman for the rashness with which he exposed himself in all weathers to the proverbial dangers of one of the worst climates in the world. Whatever troubles he had to bear one blessing, enough to compensate for a world of troubles, had always been his to enjoy. Poverty, hunger, fatigue he had come by this time to know intimately enough: the sickness they often aggravate or bring along with them he had never tasted as yet. This fact, one might almost say, contained the true secret of his mental robustness. It enabled him at least to make light of hardships which a soul less strongly fortified by outward accidents would scarcely have thought of braving to a like extent, or would have paid the consequences of its rashness in trying to brave at all. It was this too which enabled him in due time to employ his mental energies with such success in various out door fields of human usefulness, instead of cramping their natural litheness by the wearisome restraints of mere sedentary brain-work. Clearly it was this alone which could ever have borne him, for all his abstemious habits and buoyant nature, so harmlessly along the peculiar path he had now elected to follow in aid of the purpose his Government had thought him worthy, for all his simple presence and lack of the usual back-door persuasives, to carry out. It needed something more palpable than mere volition to defy, as Munro did, the natural influences of a climate which too often succeeds in wearing down the manly hard-working Saxon to the essential likeness of an idle effeminate Hindoo. His bold heart did certainly much for him, but his strong healthy body did infinitely more.

But for that usefullest of all nature's birth-gifts, Munro would certainly have been driven ere long to abate the severity of his bodily labors, or else have fallen an early victim to the reckless spurrings of his official zeal. His views of public duty carried him into a line of action rather different from that which most of his cotemporaries were apt to deem sufficient for the public need. He was not content to dole out his services in exact proportion to the scanty return he was likely to get for them. A mere perfunctory discharge of ill-paid official duties seemed to his thinking but a poor discharge of the higher duties involved in his promotion to a wider sphere of human usefulness. To perform any how the work entrusted to them, was rather a favorite axiom among the public servants of Munro's day. To perform as thoroughly as his strength would let him the work his conscience carved out for a public servant of Munro's ability, was the one pervading motive of Munro's career from the day he landed at Madras to the day which ended his earthly labors. That stern sense of

genuine duty which raises our living Wellington* to a level with the dead heroes of Republican Rome, shone out with at least as pure a lustre in the man whose friendship lends a warmer tone to the earlier history of Wellington himself. With the difference of outward position Munro in the Baramahl was the same active, resolute, true-hearted being as he whose firmness had been so cruelly tried at Madras, and whose first lessons in warlike practice had been taken amidst the accumulated hardships of Coote's glorious but hard-fought campaigns. In the Baramahl as elsewhere he threw his heart into the work before him, and spared no pains to do it thoroughly. Whatever a strong will and a sound body could do in furtherance of sound and upright views, Munro did from the outset in his own active unflinching way. He was not for leaving others to fill up as they best might the outline he had marked for his own guidance. He was not for inspecting accounts already settled, or listening to general reports of measures whose progress he had forgotten to superintend. He was not for living in comparative wealth upon the credit of results which he had virtually done nothing to accomplish. His mode of action tended rather to the opposite extreme. He was all for doing every thing himself, even in cases where much might safely have been done by others. His own eyes followed the least details, his own hands supplied the finishing touches, of designs originally modeled by his own particular brain. Wherever there was work to do, Munro was ever at hand to see it properly and completely done. The poorest ryot who had a cause to plead or a complaint to utter was ushered into his tent with as little ceremony, heard with as patient attention, and answered with as careful courtesy, as the Tussildar who came to plead a remission of the rents he had failed to gather, or the official under-strapper who had his report to furnish on the state and prospects of a district whose revenues had yet to be re-adjusted. Up early and late a-bed, our zealous 'political' seldom found the day too long, though he often found it much too short, for the business which kept ever flowing upon him in the course of it. Head-quarters he had none to speak of. His usual 'cutcherry' was the tent in which he passed the greater portion of every year. His life was a constant pilgrimage from one part of his district to another. No labors were too severe, no sacrifice was too serious, no weather too unkind,

* The allusion to living Wellington may sound strange to our readers *now* But let it stand. It was written before the tidings of the Great Captain's death had reached India, it may serve us for a fit occasion to add our mite of sorrow to the general burst from every corner and thoroughfare of our English fatherland. And yet in a measure the phrase in question is not less appropriate now than it would have been a few months ago. For is not Wellington still alive to us—perhaps *more* alive to us here than to our countrymen at home? Does he not live and speak to us to day as he did of old, in a certain great though impalpable way; live and speak in the reminiscences of long years—years which rank among the notablest of our eventful English history? Is not England herself the monument of his ever-living renown, that England which has ere this poured out its parting tribute upon the corpse of the noblest of its many noble men? No. Wellington is not dead, cannot be dead, as long as Englishmen remember his great example, and quote his name as expressive beyond all others of that manly worth and true hearted greatness which entitles us to say of such an one from whom death may sever us—"This was a MAN."

for one whose sense of duty soared far above every question of mere personal comfort, every prospect of mere personal danger. The elements fought to little purpose against one whom Nature had endowed with so strong a body and so resolute a will. Difficulties which common minds would have deemed insuperable seemed merely to afford Munro a new occasion for shewing the ease with which he invariably conquered them. The impunity with which he pursued his purpose was only less striking than the devotion which set it moving, or the clear practical judgment which marked its progress towards a happy realisation. In all seasons and in all weathers he was ever on the alert to follow where duty might chance to summon him; ever struggling might and main to work out in his own great unselfish way the principles he had brought to bear on the task of putting new life into a perishing system, of organising a new world of peace and order and social activity out of the chaos produced by years of military havoc and Mahommedan misrule. Verily there is heroism enough in such a picture to rank it among the noblest efforts of human nature working on its most heroic scale.

But Munro's attention to the work in hand induced no forgetfulness of what was doing elsewhere. While most engaged on the work immediately beneath it, his sharp eye would throw out its searching glances towards the outer realities of the world's great panorama. While his mind was busied with some point of official moment, his thoughts would wander away to scenes of domestic suffering in his Scottish birthland or signs of political disturbance in foreign realms. His letters to his family were as long, as cheerful, as minute, as frequent as ever. He had always a word of hope and consolation for his struggling parents, of kind advice for sick brother James, of pleasant news or light-hearted raillery for his romantic sister. Full of deep feeling too are the terms in which he writes to one or the other of them touching the death of some of his oldest and dearest Indian friends, such friends as he looked never to make again. Turning to matters less personal, he found room for frequent speculation in the political features of that period. Between the death of Louis the Sixteenth and the rise of Napoleon the aspect of French affairs was a puzzle which our wisest statesmen never succeeded in solving completely; a puzzle which even yet seems hard of perfect comprehension. The social ferment in which all France was then tossed and driven hither and thither was such as baffled the calmest efforts to read aright the social and political future of 'la grande nation.' Into a mystery which Burke himself was not permitted to unravel, a thinker in Munro's position could hardly be expected to penetrate very far. But few men with infinitely better means of doing so could have penetrated farther than Munro actually did. His reasonings on French affairs during that boisterous interval betray a turn for logical reflexion, founded on an insight into the general principles of human politics, worthy of one who could reason to such excellent purpose on matters less

remote from his usual ken. In other fields of political speculation Munro was necessarily more at home. No man had a keener eye for detecting the fallacies of our Indian statecraft, or expounding the shadows which kept flickering dimly upon the face of Indian affairs. No man had clearer reasons for ridiculing our fear of Mahratta encroachment, or condemning the forbearant policy adopted towards Mysore. While his masters were sacrificing the just claims of one ally to their fear of needlessly offending the greedy pride of another, forgetting old engagements with the Nizam to forward their new scheme of conciliating the Peshwah, Munro was eagerly watching the movements of crafty Tippoo, and pointing more and more earnestly to Mysore as the quarter from which real danger must inevitably come. While the Court of Directors were auguring the happiest results from the trial of a policy more just in precept than always sound in practice, Munro was clamoring incessantly for a return to that system of armed defiance which aided the rise and alone could secure the permanence of their political power. He was not to be dazzled by vain strivings for a consummation which certainly was not coming then. To talk of peace and non-intervention seemed to his thinking rather an idle boast, uttered in the teeth of every circumstance which forbade us to think of resting from war and conquest as long as gentry like the Mahrattas dared to insult our dignity, or enemies like Tippoo threatened to work us further mischief in requital for our past forbearance. To fight and conquer was the great condition of a political existence whose foundations had been laid by the soldiers of Clive and Coote.

(To be continued.)

THE "TRUMPET OF ASSAYE."

BALLAD.

"BUT oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light,
Which illumed the whole volume, her *Wellington's* name."

MOORE.

"And HE—yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold Harp, Green Isle—the Hero is thine own!"

WALTER SCOTT.

SEPOYS! amid your village homes
Some old men linger still,
To whose brave hearts a "NAME" oft comes,
With pleasant pridefull thrill;
Gone now the Chief! whose voice and arm
Evoked amid the fray,
Your charging cheer at Red Argaum,
Your Trumpets at Assaye,

Whose deeds, around the midnight fire,
The eager Soldier son
Took in, absorbed from Soldier Sire,
Speaking of WELLINGTON;
And soon to all the world well known,
That Trumpet of Assaye,
Resounding rings with added tone,
On many a glorious day.*

The frozen echoes of the North†
Give back his victories,
The startled falcon flutters forth
From answ'ring Pyrenees!
The dread name sounds through Moorish Spain,
And with new lustre shines,
Reposing above fields of slain,
In Torres Vedra's lines!

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* That the Duke's Indian successes were mainly instrumental in marking him for Military employment in Europe is now matter of history.

† Copenhagen—*vide* Phillip's Life of Curran.

Roliças crest that war-note woos,
  Presaging coming doom,
The ev'ning cannon at Thoulouse,
  Booms o'er an Empire's tomb!
No odds his *Lion* heart dismay
  Through that long hard-fought field;
*Fortune is valour's friend alway,**
  St. George's Cross his shield!

And so while time and tide shall last,
  Will live his memory too,
And Britons oft call up the past,
  To tell of *Waterloo!*
And how when peace new cares supplied,
  Still watchful at the helm,
His wisdom oft was wont to guide,
  The Councils of the Realm.

How when he passed away from earth,
  His Sovereign's tear-drop starts,
And how a Nation shrines his worth,
  Within its heart of Hearts;
Should clouds obscure our brighter day,
  With trouble in their train,
May that old Trumpet of Assaye,
  Give us his like again.

"*God and the Right*"† were all to *Him*,
  His footsteps never failed,
Led by a Lamp that ne'er grew dim,
  A Star that never paled.
May each succeeding age His name
  Transmit through sire to son,
Writ in the roll of deathless Fame,
  The Warrior WELLINGTON.

R. V.

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* "*Virtutis fortuna comes*"—Motto of the Duke of Wellington. A *Lion* rampant, holding a forked pennon charged with the *Cross of St. George*—His armorial bearings.

† "*Dieu et mon droit*"—Motto of the Sovereigns of Great Britain, whose right it is to rule constitutionally, and according to Laws, divine and human, and the Duke's own words are, "I am the last man to wish for war. I have gained all that the sword can give, the Crown excepted; and it is my DUTY to SERVE the CROWN." This is the true soldier subject's application of '*Dieu et mon droit.*'"

JOSHUA FOXLEY, THE MANAGING MAN.

"By the way, Sloper, have you seen our new Colonel. What sort of a chap should you say he was?"

"Why really, I have not yet seen him to speak to, but I got a glimpse of him when he came in the other night, and to judge from the expression of his palankeen, I should say he is an uncommonly comfortable sort of person; never saw anything so snug in all my life; nice little lamp behind, outside the window, so as to cause neither heat nor smell within, but casting a light neither too much nor too little through a jolly little bull's eye, and there lay the old cock on a sort of spring pillow, which supported his elbows as well as his head and shoulders, so that, however he got jolted, all went together, and he could read his paper in peace and quietness. Capital invention really. Oh! I'll be sworn he is a regular managing man."

And a very managing man did Colonel Joshua Foxley turn out to be!—greatly to the credit of Sloper's discernment, and not a little to his eventual benefit, as you will hereafter see; but very much to the detriment of several confiding persons, who permitted him to "manage" for them. He was never so happy as when he could do something for you in the way of "management;" he would get you a horse, a house, a buggy, a tent, a gun, an introduction or a separation, and if they did not suit, could manage to get rid of them for you again as easily. He always had been a managing man from the beginning. He managed on his first voyage to get possession of the best cabin in the ship; it had been taken for somebody else, but he managed to establish a prior claim, and got it: he managed to be so successful at Blind Hookey with the other griffs on board, as to cover all his expenses at the Cape, besides the cost of a nine-gallon cask of Constantia; on landing, he lived for three months with a Civilian, to whom he had never been introduced, and when ordered up the country, got a free passage in the Budgerow of a General Officer, whose first cousin he had once *seen* at Cheltenham. He found out that a certain staff employment was about to fall vacant, managed to remove out of the way the man for whom the acting appointment had been destined, and stepped into it himself. He had managed the purchasing of several steps, really, as he used to remark, for a mere song, though some of the juniors did think their shares exorbitantly high.

He had managed to become a Director of a Mofussil Bank, and to make a charming harvest in consequence, and more cleverly still he managed to get out of his office and its liabilities just before the whole affair went to smash. He had a great passion for horses, and was never without a score of them in his stables, but as he also loved variety, you would never see the same animals there, for long together, and it was

wonderful how they always increased in value during the short time they were in his possession.

When he joined our Corps, he was a very young Lieutenant Colonel, and we were quite in raptures at the interest he took in every thing that was going on, whether business or amusement. He undertook the Secretaryship of the races, and made all subscribers pay down on the nail, and never were there such races as under his auspices, and never had so much money been laid out in preparing the ground. He got up a whist club, whereat the fast young men did greatly rejoice, but it was really quite affecting to hear how paternally he would advise young Sloper, and a few more of us who had spent already all we ever had, and more; to avoid the extravagance of play. "You know," he would say, "you cannot pay if you lose, why should you subject others to the painful necessity of dunning you, perhaps laying the foundation of permanent ill-feeling, if your credit is not good for the amount." The motive to abstain thus proposed was not only novel and particularly admirable in a moral point of view, but it also really did produce the desired effect, and the whist party remained, very select indeed, the Colonel played exceedingly well, and almost invariably rose a winner.

But the triumph of our Colonel's management was reserved for his maturer years, when a long course of practice had rendered him perfect. We were stationed at a place not very far removed from one of the principal sea ports of India. Obvious reasons prevent our locality being more clearly defined; the other residents were mostly serious, and we had just begun to find ourselves remarkably dull, when *deus ex machinâ*, a celestial visitation came to comfort us, and to change completely our estimate of affairs. Two beautiful women appeared one morning quite unexpectedly upon the race course; both were young, both superbly mounted, the most intense curiosity was excited as to who they could be; all we could discover was that they had taken the best house in the place, and lived in every respect in the most elegant style; they drove out in the evening in a beautiful barouche drawn by two fine greys, and driven by a postillion in faultless uniform. The Clergyman's wife, who alone had been admitted to anything like intimacy, spoke of the exquisite little dinners they could give, and the Clergyman himself became enthusiastic when he told of their musical powers. The glorious voice of the younger, the splendid execution of the elder, the perfect taste of both. It was understood that they wished to live very retired; it was known that several visitors had failed to obtain an entrance, and that the Collector's invitation had been politely declined; it was very provoking; we were all in a perfect fever of curiosity; but looked on their house as an enchanted palace—the access to which was forbidden to man.

Not so, however, our Colonel. He declared he would manage to become acquainted, and he did! He purchased a beautifully embroidered cambric handkerchief, and the very next evening, as the ladies were enjoying their accustomed airing, our gallant Colonel galloped up, and begged permis-

sion to restore what he believed must have fallen from their carriage. The handkerchief was inspected, and declared not to belong to either lady; but the ice had been broken; the Colonel apologized in the most fascinating manner, and retired. Next day he went to call. "Not at home?" No matter, a bowing acquaintance had been established. Time would do the rest.

The Colonel had a Portuguese servant, very confidential. Pedro managed to scrape a close acquaintance with the ladies' postillion, and by a very remarkable coincidence, a few days afterwards the greys took fright, and ran away with the Barouche, just as the Colonel made his appearance round the corner, attracted of course by the screams of the ladies. He galloped to the rescue, easily overtook, and as easily arrested the runaways, and then expressed his concern, lest the ladies should have suffered from the untimely (?) accident, in so very kind and polite a manner, that they could not reject his offer of an escort home; they even asked him to walk in, but the Colonel judiciously declined.

"He knew," he said, "they must require repose; he would not intrude at present, but trusted they would permit him to call the next day, to inquire after their health."

The reply of course was gracious, and from that time the Colonel became a constant visitor, and apparently not an unwelcome one to the fair recluses.

Mrs. St. Maur, the elder, was a superb woman, with magnificent dark eyes and glossy black hair. She would have served as a model for a Juno.

Miss Melville, the younger, was more of a Hebe, lively, laughing, and a trifle malicious, if the evidence of a pair of very brilliant blue eyes was to be trusted. The Colonel felt himself desperately in love; he had never, he said, known before what affection was; he felt that his life hitherto had been a blank, that only in future could he hope really to exist; to know a life that should be indeed a life, and not a living death of objectless despair, if blessed with the smiles of...... He had never been heard to fill up the blank; the fact was, he had still a few dubious points to clear up, and he was always on the look out for some means of managing to do so.

He was calling one day at the house, and was shewn into the Drawing-room; the ladies were not there, the servant requested him to be seated, and departed to announce the visitor. On the table lay a parchment neatly folded, strongly resembling a law deed of some sort or other. Joshua Foxley, from a boy, had never been remarkable for delicacy; he eagerly approached the table, and was just proceeding to examine the document, when he heard the ladies enter. He had time but for one glance, but that glance was sufficient. He had seen, distinctly seen, the words—"Estate of John St. Maur, late of the firm of St. Maur Mivins and Tootle of. . . ." One doubt was solved. Mrs. St. Maur, *was* a widow. A widow evidently of a merchant, probably of a wealthy merchant; to judge by the style of living: there was positively wealth in the family, but possibly it might belong to the Spinster; that was doubt the second; it was

not long to be left unsolved. "I am going over to —— this morning," said he. "Is there any commission that I could execute for you?"

"If you would be kind enough," replied Mrs. St. Maur, "to leave this note at my Agents, Messrs. Grumball and Snarl, I should be greatly obliged. It is of importance, and if I send it by the post, it would perhaps be too late; but if it will take you out of your way: never mind I will send a servant in with it.

The Colonel was delighted to be useful, still more so to find out the address of the fair widow's Agents. He lost no time in seeking them out, and having delivered the note, proceeded forthwith to "pump old Grumball," as he afterwards irreverently expressed himself.

"Devilish fine woman, Mrs. St. Maur."

"Humph."

"I fancy I must have known her husband some years ago."

"Like enough."

"Merchant I believe, firm of St. Maur, Mivins and Tootle?"

"Yes."

"By the bye; how long is it since the old boy went out?"

"Year and a half."

"Lady well off, eh?"

"Snug enough."

"Sister fine girl, must be a great comfort to Mrs. St. Maur?"

"Great comfort! great [illegible] then, great bother, fine girls always are."

"How! is the young lady dependant?"

"Humph."

"No property of her own?"

"Devil a rap."

Now considering the notorious difficulty of ever getting anything in the shape of information out of old Grumball, this short conversation was far from unsatisfactory, and the gallant Colonel at once filled up the blank in his declaration of love with the name of Helen St. Maur. He became most devoted in his attentions. Strange to say however, his progress was far from flattering, he seemed in fact to be rowing against wind and tide, and with a couple of anchors down to boot. He was most assiduous, most indefatigable; he made us give several delightful balls in honor of the fair widow, still he felt there was a terrible obstacle in his way, which must be removed at any rate; he felt sure he could manage it, and the first step that he took was to call on our friend Sloper.

"Well, Colonel," said the latter, "how comes on your suit with the fair Helen, fairest of the name since Ilion fell?"

"Why, my dear boy, as far as the lady herself is concerned, I think I may flatter myself, that is, if the eyes have a language, and I the skill to read it—"

"Wish you joy; of course you will ask us all to the wedding, when shall I require my gloves?"

"Really, I wish I could say, but there is a most annoying obstacle in the way; by the bye, I wish you would give me a little assistance."

"Only tell me how, and I'm game."

"You must know, I am most confoundedly hampered in all my advances by the constant presence of that malicious little lynx, the sister, she has the sharpest eyes and sometimes makes the most unpleasant remarks; she watches the widow like a premature duenna. I don't know whether it is from

envy, or spite, or only a natural love of mischief and teasing, but I can make no way at all for her; she burkes all my good things, parodies my sentiments, distorts my compliments, and puzzles my tender speeches. She never lets me get a moment's tête-à-tête, sticks by us, by Jove, sir, I've no more chance of shaking her off, than Sinbad had with the Old Man of the Sea."

"Well, I dare say, it's inconvenient," said Sloper, "but really, Colonel, I don't see how I am to help you here."

"Why, don't you see," said the Colonel, "the girl has got nothing to do, except to attend to us. If she only had a love affair of her own now, a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, you know. If you only would try and find her some other amusement than constantly watching me."

"Zounds!" cried Sloper, "there's certainly nothing in the girl to make the task disagreeable, but Lord love you, she would never have anything to say to me."

"Fiddle-de-dee," said the Colonel, "you are not a bad-looking fellow, you *have* called you know; the ladies rather took a fancy to you; I'll give you a lift; leave me alone to manage that, only do you begin making love as soon as ever you can."

"Well," said Sloper, "I don't care if I [illegible]. It is slow work being a Bachelor here, and since I lost my poor old dog, I feel I want something to take an interest in. I dare say a wife would answer as well as anything else."

Hermes was the courier of the Gods, and the wings on his heels are a myth of the invention of spurs, but never did Hermes himself fly with more eager haste, than did our gallant Colonel on his return to the ladies, for of all the spurs, material or mythological that ever were, love and avarice have the sharpest rowels. He spoke to them of the Officers of his Regiment, his sentiments did him infinite honor, so kind, so liberal, so paternal; he praised their invariably honourable conduct, their warm and kindly hearts, their talents and accomplishments; he lamented that they should be so restricted by the scantiness of their resources, the value of money had so diminished, and the necessary expences of Officers in India so vastly increased, that the bare pay was really not sufficient; and he regretted to say that he did not believe there were more than two officers in the whole corps, who had anything to depend upon besides their bare pay. There were, yes, he believed young Nobby was well off (he had married about a year before) and there was Sloper, very amusing young fellow, a little wild, he was sorry to say, but then he could afford it, belonged to the Slopers of Bedfordshire, so of course needed not to look on both sides of a rupee.

When Sloper called again, he certainly did not find a cooler reception than usual, and he began to enter into the fun of the thing with considerable gusto; but it is dangerous playing with edged tools. Poor Sloper, who began with only *making* love, was fated soon to *feel* it; and from being the amusement of his leisure, the fair Eliza became the occupation of his whole soul: the sun of Love sheds light on many things which in the dusky twilight of selfishness had been invisible; its rays penetrate many queer

little nooks and crannies of the heart, where admirable virtues have long been sleeping, and when the daylight wakes them up, and they begin to exert their hallowing influences, to alter and purify and exalt, the owner feels delightfully puzzled at finding himself so different a being from what he had thought he was; so in the case before us, Sloper began to feel ashamed of the part he was playing. In a very few days he looked upon himself as an unredeemable scoundrel, and in a few more resolved to redeem himself, at least his conscience and his honor, by a candid confession. He told the fair Eliza the whole truth, repudiated all connexion with the Slopers of Bedfordshire, and declared that, except a tolerably decent allowance of debts, he was but lord of himself, a heritage of woe indeed, since honour bade him abandon all hope of her smiles. That very eccentric young lady did not appear surprised, but declared that she honoured and esteemed him the more for his true and manly frankness. She spoke so kindly, and what was more important, looked so kindly, that Sloper began to think his succession to his "heritage of woe" not so very certain a thing after all. Miss Melville, in her turn, communicated (in confidence) one or secrets, whereat friend Sloper slightly grin, but I give you my honor, reader, that they comprised nothing derogatory to the credit of the fair sisters. The Colonel, though a good deal mystified by the altered tone of his ally, was thoroughly satisfied with the result; if the boy had really got smitten, it was all the better security for his perseverance, and he began to think the sooner matters could be brought to a conclusion, the better; he found himself certainly received in a more friendly manner than before; the widow's welcome seemed more cordial, her tone more familiar, her smile more gracious, still he felt there was a reserve; she would not be called Helen; she kept herself as it were behind some indefinable barrier which he could not pass. In fact, two women together always presume on the support they mutually afford each other, and gratify their innate love of power by tyrannizing over their lovers. This did the Colonel impress upon Sloper, urging him not to submit to be put off, but to get married as quick as he could, and then thought Foxley the coast will be clear for me, and Helen's loneliness will no doubt pre-dispose her to favor my pretensions. Sloper was nothing loth, he exerted his persuasive powers, and met with fewer difficulties than he had anticipated; the day for his marriage was soon decided.

It was a very quiet, but a very happy wedding. Old Grumball came out to officiate as "Father," and the Colonel acted as "Best man." He was observed be very attentive to the service, looked unutterable things at idow during the more imessive parts. When the wedg party returned from Church, ey found a Buggy at the door, which belonged to none of the invited guests, and when the Colonel escorted the bride into the drawing-room, his eyes be held the stranger.

He was a tallish, good-looking, middle aged man, rather stout than otherwise, and with the

jolliest looking pair of merry eyes that ever were. He took not the slightest notice of the Colonel, for at that moment he caught sight of the fair widow just entering the apartment on Sloper's arm, the stranger caught her in his arms, and kissed her in the most unceremonious manner, while all she could find breath to say, was—

"Dearest Albert, what a surprise."

However, ladies have wonderful power of self-recovery, and in less than a couple of seconds she had released herself from her rather close imprisonment, and with a most celestial rosy blush, and eyes in which happiness and mischief were dancing jigs together, she apologized to her guests, and begged to introduce the stranger to them as—

"Mr. St. Maur, my husband.'

We are naturally of benign and merciful disposition, and love not to expatiate on the distresses of our fellow-creatures; we therefore leave to the reader's imagination, the blankness of the Colonel's look, the disappointment of his heart, the humiliation of his vanity. He ascertained from old Grumball, who enjoyed the scene immensely, that the stranger was the real Simon Pure, and that the only mistake about the matter had been his own, no one had deceived him. It was quite true that Mr. St. Maur "*went out*" a year and a half ago, but he only "went out" to Hong-Kong, where he had speculated very successfully in opium; he had also been correctly designated in the deed as "late of the firm of St. Maur, Mivins and Tootle;" still the only dissolution therein implied, was a dissolution of partnership.

The Colonel was very wroth with the fair Helen for having given him "encouragement," but it is but justice to add, that Mr. and Mrs. Sloper always maintained, that the only "encouragement" he had ever received, had been from his own vanity, and over-confidence in his powers of "managing;" however, although he had failed for himself, his management had certainly done great things for Sloper, for he not only gained a beautiful and amiable wife, but Mr. St. Maur took an immense fancy to him, paid his debts, set up his establishment in most liberal style, and gave him to understand that a considerable sum had been settled (he did not say by whom) upon his wife and possible family, the interest of which would make a very comfortable addition to his "*bare pay*."

K.

ANNUAL FAIRS.

Since 1689, the time when it was laid down as a determinate object of policy, that independance was to be established in India, and dominion acquired: and when the Honorable Company informed their Agents, that the increase of their revenue was the subject of their solicitude as well as their trade, the English have been increasing their power, as well as extending the limits of their empire with remarkable assiduity and success; but not so successful have been their efforts with regard to either their trade or their revenue.

Glowing were the anticipations when the trade of India was thrown open to all British merchants alike; extravagant indeed were the hopes of the people of Sheffield on that occasion; yet how comparatively insignificant has been the result!

It was about the commencement of the year 1812, that the opening of the trade of India to British merchants, generally, engaged the earnest attention of the larger portion of the mercantile and manufacturing communities, which looked upon an introduction to the East as a sure passport to the possession of unlimited wealth. In such glowing colours did this field of speculation appear to the imaginations of the good people of Sheffield, as to draw forth an eloquent petition to Parliament, in which the petitioners declared themselves to be fully pursuaded, that—

"If the trade to the East Indies were thrown open to all His Majesty's subjects, such new and abundant markets would be discovered and established, as would enable them to set at defiance every effort to injure them, by that sworn enemy to their prosperity and the peace of Europe, the present unprincipled ruler of France, (Napoleon); and that the petitioners doubt not, if the trade of this United Kingdom were permitted to flow, unimpeded, over those extensive, luxuriant and opulent regions, though it might in the outset, like a torrent repressed and swollen by obstructions when its sluices were first opened, break forth with uncontrollable impetuosity, deluging, instead of supplying, the district before it; yet that very violence, which at the beginning might be partially injurious, would, in the issue, prove highly and permanently beneficial; no part being unvisited, the waters of commerce that spread over the face of the land, as they subsided, would wear themselves channels through which they might continue to flow ever afterwards in regular and fertilising streams; and that to the wealthy, enterprising, honorable, and indefatigable British merchant, conducting in person his own concerns, no obstacles would prove insurmountable, no prejudice invincible, no difficulty disheartening; wants where he found them he would supply; where they did not exist, he would create them by affording the means of gratification."

Now that these "wealthy, en-

terprising, honorable, and indefatigable British merchants" of Sheffield, have had for the last thirty years the opportunity of "affording," or rather of offering "that the means of gratification," they have not as yet succeeded in creating any very extraordinary demand for their manufactures, in either India, Tartary, or Thibet: nor does it appear likely that "the waters of commerce" will ever flow "in regular and fertilising streams," "over those extensive, luxuriant, and opulent regions," until there be established, in accordance with the habits of the Asiatics, annual fairs, both within and on the frontiers of this vast empire.

It does indeed appear strange, that when the peculiar circumstances of this country are taken into consideration, its immense extent and imperfect means of transit, the advantages to be derived from holding these fairs should have hitherto been so slightly appreciated; in fact, we may say, completely overlooked, up to the time of the late Governor-General's arrival in India.

Every country in the world has its peculiar fairs, and in the earlier stages of society, more particularly, and even in inland countries, where the rights of property are respected, such institutions are peculiarly serviceable both to the advancement of commerce and to its natural consequences—the interests of peace. They are not only, as the great political economist of the day has said, the readiest and best means of promoting commerce in countries where the facilities of carrying on commercial transactions are circumscribed, but also of softening national antipathies, and diffusing a knowledge of the products, arts, and customs of surrounding countries.

In highly civilized countries, where such abundant opportunities are afforded for the disposal and purchase of all sorts of produce, and where large towns, with daily markets, are in close contiguity to each other, the utility of fairs has necessarily very much diminished; and though some, even in England, are still sufficiently well attended, yet in that general progress of the arts and sciences, which the present century has witnessed, they have lost very much of their ancient splendour and celebrity.

Every country in England has, however, even at this day, its own peculiar fairs, in which horses, cattle, and the produce of the land are offered for sale.

In France fairs are still held, though they have also much fallen off, in consequence of the general amelioration and prosperity of that country. We are told, for instance, that at the celebrated fair held at Buccaire, in the department of the Gard, in 1833, there were assembled from 70 to 80,000 persons, and that the business transacted exceeded the enormous sum of £6,400,000!

The German fairs, such as those held in Frankfort on the Maine, Frankfort on the Oder, and at Leipzic, are still numerously attended. There, are said to meet, the representatives of every nation in the world; the merchants of Ispahan negociating with those of Montreal for the purchase of furs, and Georgians and Servians exchanging the produce of their respective countries for the cottons of Manchester and the jewellery of Paris.

In Russia, fairs are most numerous, and as that extraordinary people are still the most backward in all the accompaniments of high civilization, so do they still attach a remarkable importance to the due celebration of their annual fairs. That great empire, already colossal in its dimensions, trusts not merely to her political influence and commercial treaties for the extension of her commerce, but everywhere in her Kingdom, (but more especially on her southern frontier,) establishes and encourages fairs. She has with her wonted energy created a profitable market for her superabundant produce in Central Asia, but where English commodities are preferred to her own, hesitates not to import them, retailing them afterwards, as she does, even after an expensive land carriage of several hundred miles, at a remunerative profit.

Who has not heard of the fairs at Nushnei-Novogorod, the great emporium of her internal trade?

At this market, eastern caravans purchase their supplies, and there, as recorded by travellers, amidst the assembled and busy throngs of Persians, Chinese, Tartars, Circassians, Armenians, Bucharians, &c. have Hindoos been seen. And who has not heard of another equally celebrated fair held at Kiakhta, in Siberia, on the Chinese frontier?

At this spot, which may be considered the centre of political intercourse between the Russian and Chinese Governments, exchanged the broad cloths [illegible]o Europe with the tea, silks, porcelains, &c. of China. And though the communication with European Russia, cannot, under the most favourable circumstances, be effected under twelve months, there are ever to be found merchants, in the true spirit of enterprise, willing and able to brave the difficulties of the journey; and caravans direct from China have been known to arrive, after traversing the whole extent of Asia, in a journey of 250 days, on the shores of the Levant.

We will briefly notice here what may be considered, in spite of its declining activity, the most important fair in the Eastern world, that at Mecca, and then turn our attention to our possessions in Asia.

At Hurdwar, from its being one of the principal places of Hindoo pilgrimage, the greatest fair is held, especially at every twelfth recurring year of its celebration. Fairs are also held in other parts of India, but these dwindle to insignificance when contrasted with even the ordinary fairs held at Hurdwar. These have been too often described, and are too familiar to require any lengthened notice. The question, however, which we now wish to discuss is, whether, with our extended possessions, the sites for fairs might not be multiplied, with every advantage to the State as well as to the community.

Before entering, however, into the [illegible]diate object of this arti- [illegible] will be as well to take a rapid glance at the nature of the commercial intercourse [illegible] by the Russians with the Chinese, observing at the same time the [illegible]hysical features of the interven[illegible]g countries, in order to learn what difficulties and dangers stand in the way of its successful prosecution.

In the year 1792, the tre[illegible]y of commerce between the Russian

and Chinese Governments, first agreed to in 1728, was renewed, and the commercial relations between Kiakhta and Maimatchin, which had been interrupted by the depredations on the frontiers, since the 12th May 1785, were re-established, and have been carried on ever since with remarkable perseverance and success, affording an indubitable proof of the commercial enterprise and mercantile skill of the subjects of the two nations. In fact, to convince ourselves of the difficulties opposed to a profitable intercourse, we have only to take a glance at the map, and examine the route by which all merchandize must be conveyed from Pekin to Kiakhta.*

Kiakhta, situated within the Russian frontier on the banks of the Selinga, and under the Government of Irkoutsk, is opposite to Maimatchin, a trading depôt, as its name implies, within the boundaries of the Chinese Em-

From Kiakhta through the country of the Kalkas, to Ouber-Oudé, a distance of some 500 miles, we are told that "the road, as in all Mongolia, is in general mountainous, and covered with gravel." From Ouber-Oudé the road passes through the country of the Eastern and Western Sounites to th[illegible] of the Tsakars, a distance of about 250 miles, and we are informed that "from that place to the frontier of the Tsakars, grass is rare, the water brackish, the road in general sandy." Elsewhere M. Timkowsky says that the Sounites inhabit either the whole, or a part of the desert of Gobi, a sterile tract intersected by lofty, barren mountains.

The third portion of the road, through the country of the Tsakars to the great wall of China, is about 150 miles in length.

"This steppe abounds in pasturage; there are small rivers and lakes."

From Nortian, the first village in China Proper, to Pekin, is rather more than 120 miles, with "a very fatiguing road over the chain of mountains Kinkan Dabakhchan, which separates Mongolia from China." All merchandize, therefore, from Pekin must travel through nearly a thousand miles of inhospitable country, and then after it has safely arrived at Kiakhta, has to be conveyed 4000 miles further before it can reach St. Petersburgh.† The principal Chinese articles of commerce are their teas and sugar-candy, besides a few precious stones, and some metallic ores, which are exchanged for the broad-cloths, woollen stuffs, &c. of Europe, and the furs of Siberia. Camels and a few mules are used to transport the coarser goods, but the fine quality teas are conveyed in carts, each of which is generally drawn by one ox, and they travel [illegible] rate of about fourteen miles a day. M. Timkowsky thus describes them in his journal:—

"The Mongol carts generally have only two wheels, which turn

* *Vide* Timkowsky's "Travels in Mongolia."

† Kiakhta is more distant from St. Petersburgh than that city is from the centre of the earth! At Tarakanova, which is [illegible]0 versts nearer St. Petersburgh, there is a pillar or mile-stone recording the measured distance from the Russian Capital. "To St. Petersburgh, 5963 versts." Or in English miles 3975!

round with the axle. The wheel is formed of two small square blocks of wood, fastened together in the shape of a cross, and the intervals filled up with rounded wedges, instead of felloes; the axle-tree is fixed in the centre, so as not to project beyond the wheels. The ordinary teas are generally conveyed in winter by camels, because they are made of the leaves in a state of maturity, and cannot be forwarded sooner from the province of Foukian to Kalgan, and thence to Russia. The town known to the Russians by the name of Kalgan, is Tchang-kia-keow,* and is situated a few miles south of the great wall, and about 100 miles from Pekin. Kalgan is the key to the commerce of China with Russia, and in part also with Mongolia. All merchandise destined for the market of Russia is collected there, and conveyed across, by caravans.†

It is much to be regretted that the grand and praiseworthy attempt to establish an annual fair at Hooshearpore was so precipitately abandoned, and for no other reason, we believe, than that it was apparently a great failure. But why should that circumstance have discouraged the Governor General and others in authority, from renewing the attempt on the following, and two or three succeeding years? Rome could not have been built in a day; neither can a fair be permanently established in a year. Lord Hardinge was, we believe, considerably disgusted, that merchants and bunneeas from the uttermost corners of Asia, did not rush frantically to Hooshearpore, and yield unconditional obedience to his imperial will and pleasure. But how could he have reasonably expected the contrary? Does not experience teach us to anticipate a result similar to that which occurred? The creation of a fresh channel for commerce is the work of years, the result of liberal protection and encouragement, and never could be called into existence by a simple edict. Commerce cannot be forced like grapes in a hot-house, but like a helpless infant, must be cherished with the most tender affection, with unremitting care and attention; and as the child, when arrived at the age of maturity, so Commerce still requires a fostering hand, and a due regard being paid [illegible] dis-

* Tchang-kia-keaw means, according to Klaproth, a gate [illegible] barrier of the family of Tchang.

† We will briefly notice here a kind of tea, mentioned by M. [illegible]wsky in his work, "Travels of the Russian Mission through Mongolia to China," [illegible] might be introduced with advantage to merchants, [illegible] as the poorer classes in this country:—

"The Mongols and most of the [illegible] of middle Asia, make use of this tea; it serves them both for drink and for food. The Chinese carry on a great trade in it, but never drink it themselves. In the tea manufactories, which are for the most part in the Chinese Government of Fokien, the dry, dirty and damaged leaves and stalks of the tea are thrown aside; they are then mixed with a glu[illegible] substance, pressed [illegible]ds, and dried in ovens. These blocks are called by the Russians, on account of their shape, brick-tea.

"The Mongols, the Bouriats, the inhabitants of [illegible] beyond lake Baikal, and the Kolmucks, take a piece of this tea, pound it in a mortar made on purpose, and throw the powder into a cast-iron vessel full of boiling water, which they suffer to stand a long time upon the fire, adding a little salt and milk, and sometimes mixing flour fried in oil. This tea or broth, is known by the name of Satouran. I have drunk brick-tea prepared both ways, and found it palatable enough, at least very nourishing. All depends on the skill and cleanliness of the cook. This brick-tea serves also instead of money in the dealings of this people, as well as in Daouria."

Perhaps this kind of tea, if made in the Dehra Dhoon, might be purchased by the Bhotias for exportation, and be preferred by them to the coarse and common teas which they now readily purchase.

turbing forces,' which otherwise would overwhelm and destroy it.

At the commencement of this article, we endeavoured to shew the importance of, and necessity for, establishing annual fairs on our several frontiers, and now we shall take the opportunity of pointing a few of the most suitable localities, trusting that Government will persevere in a project which, in our humble estimation, is likely to prove an inestimable benefit to the commercial welfare of this great country.

It was under a similar conviction that Lord Hardinge concluded a treaty with the Rajah of Bussahire, having for its object the extension of trade with Tibet, by abolishing all restrictions and duties, and thus attracting its merchants to the annual fairs held at Rampoor, on the Sutlej, where the commodities of Europe might be exchanged for those of Central Asia, or those of northern Siberia. The principal fair is there held in November, we believe, when the foreign merchants are in the habit of bringing Russian false-brocade and leather, tea, China silks and satins, and Tibetan wool. If we can supply our English markets with a sufficiency of that celebrated wool at remunerative prices—and there are reasonable hopes that such will shortly be the case—, our home manufactures, with the powerful aid of machinery of every description, will soon be able to surpass the justly esteemed shawls of Kashmir.

When India can boast of railroads, there can be no doubt that our merchants will be able to supply the inhabitants of Tibet with the silks and satins of Europe, at a much cheaper rate than they can be at present obtained from China Proper, as well as, in a few years, with tea from our nurseries in the Dehra Doon.

We will now again venture, as we did several years ago, to point out Mooltan or Sukkur, or perhaps both, as two eligible spots for imitating the example of Russia. Mooltan is of itself a commercial capital, and conveniently situated on the Chenab, near its junction with the other principal rivers of the Punjab. The Sutlej has been proved easily navigable as far as Hurree-kee-ghaut, and is of course accessible much higher up (indeed as far as Roopur,) to the country boats, which likewise navigate the Beeas. The Sutlej then would afford cheap and easy transport for the produce of the countries north and south of it.

The commercial capital, Umritsur, being nearly equi-distant between the Ravee and the Sutlej, it can hardly be doubted that the latter route would be preferred; the former river being too serpentine for safe navigation, besides being generally of less depth and width.

The Jhelum and the Chenab open out similar facilities for the conveyance of the produce of Kashmir, and of the central plains of the "land of five rivers." By the upper Indus and the plain Mooltan could be supplied with the mineral treasures of the Salt range, (salt, alum, &c.); with European and all foreign goods by the lower Indus; with the various productions of the soil of Hindoostan by the route of the Ganges, by Delhi and Sirsa: with the kincobs of Guzerat, &c. by the way of Palee and Beekaneer. Here the Lohanee and other merchants from the west

could assemble to barter their merchandize, the former returning by Kohat and Peshawur, or by their own more direct route, to avoid the plundering Khaiberees; they may prosecute their journey by first crossing the river Indus, at Kaheeree Ghat (situated a few miles above Leia,) and then going through the Golairee Pass along the Goomul river, reach Guznee and Kabul.

Sukkur on the Indus may be considered the port of Shikarpore, situated on the plain below the Bolan Pass, which place was long, and continues to a certain extent to be, the resort of caravans from Persia and Kabul. The advantageous position of Sukkur is too obvious to need any further illustration. But there is a third route for English goods destined for the central market; viz. that of Kurrachee* to Kandahar, a journey, we believe, of eighteen days.

We are sanguine enough to believe it possible, that merchants from India could successfully compete with the Chinese on their western frontier, in their own peculiar article; for although the Chinese are a singularly crafty and enterprising set of gentlemen, carrying their tea in bags instead of boxes, the former being more convenient for overland journies where beasts of burden are used; still if we brought ours by sea to Kurrachee, and thence had it conveyed in leathern bags, the tea might be sold for a less price, realizing at the same time a resonable profit.

It is well known that the wild Tartars are passionately fond of this beverage, and have made it an indispensable necessary in all their ceremonials.

Attok and Leia are likewise conveniently situated on the left bank of the Indus.

Moreover, at the latter place, if not at both, annual fairs are held, which only require encouragement to render them worthy of such a designation.

Perhaps it would be the better and the easier policy of the two, to develop those fairs which already exist than to multiply their number.

However, nothing can be done on this portion of our frontier until the Trans-Indus territories have been properly subjugated, and the British flag waves triumphantly over the Khaiber Pass. We say the Khaiber, because we think there can be no doubt of the advisability of the British declaring themselves the guardians of all the passes which lead into Hindoostan.†

The late invasion of the Punjab by Dost Mahomed is but the prototype of what will occur again and again, whenever the freak or the rapacity of the ruler of Affghanistan may induce him to attempt its conquest. Besides the political necessity for protecting our territories from the chances of any sudden invasion, the interests of trade require that the limits of our empire should be bounded by the Suliman mountains.

The freedom of the navigation of the Indus, and the protection of caravans from the plundering mountaineers, are stringent rea-

* We published a paper on this subject in Vol. 1, No. 11.

† Since writing the above, we have learnt that Government is attempting to establish an annual fair at Kurachee—we wish the project every success.

sons for our holding the passes and the intermediate country.

Mountains, moreover, form better boundaries of kingdoms than rivers, because invading armies meet with greater difficulties whilst passing over the one than over the other.

Now let us glance at our northern and eastern frontiers. From Peshawur to Roopur, on the Sutlej, are many favorable positions for the establishment of annual fairs, but we fear any attempt to do so would prove abortive, so long as the hapless valley of Kashmir remains under its present despotic ruler. However this obstacle does not extend throughout the whole length of this portion of our frontier, for we possess a vast and fertile territory between Kashmir and the Sutlej, the capabilities and resources of which it is both our interest and duty to develope to the utmost, and no better or more enlightened means could be devised than the creating of fresh markets for the disposal of her superabundant produce. For this purpose the town of Puthankot, situated just without the hills, and nearly midway between the Ravee and the Beas, presents a favorable locality. It is situated, moreover, on the Husalee canal; and we believe the head of the great Baree Doab canal will not be many miles distant from it.

Puthankot, likewise, stands on the high road from Umritsur to the hill districts of Chumba and Kangra; by the former exists a route into Kashmir, and by the latter, besides the fertile valleys of Kangra, Joala-Mukhi, &c., those of Sookeyt-Mundee and Kooloo can be easily reached.

Hooshearpore appears another favourable spot, from its central position with regard to the Naree, Chenee, and other Passes, which lead over the Hooshearpore range of low hills into the valleys of Kangra, Kooloo, &c., just mentioned. It is likewise felicitously situated between the Beas and Sutlej, and on the high road from the Kohistan to the plain of the Jullundhur Doab, and which communicates with Umritsur and Lahore in one direction, and with Loodianah and the Cis-Sutlej states in the other. But perhaps Lord Hardinge's failure on this very spot will deter our politicals from renewing the attempt.

However, if such should really be the case, perhaps there may not exist the same objection against Roopur. It stands on the left bank of the Sutlej, where the river leaves the Himalaya and enters the plains. Hence is a road to Bilaspoor, situated on the same river, but in the hills. From Bilaspoor a good road exists to Joala-Mukhi and Kangra, and another to Simla. But the most important route of all is that leading through Sookeyt-Mundee and Kooloo, communicating by means of Lahoul and the Ritanka Pass, with Zauskar and Little Tibet. Besides this, on the eastern confines of Kooloo, and about 30 miles from the left bank of the Beas, stands the village of Manikam, where numerous springs of boiling water issue from the ground. These are objects of great veneration to the Hindoos, thousands of whom annually visit them.*

* For further information concerning this interesting place, we beg to refer the reader to the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, No. 202, April, 1849.*

Here then is a promising spot for creating a fair, which may in a few years rival in fame to that held at Hurdwar. Any one of the many towns from Roopur to Sooltanpoor, the capital town of Kooloo, would probably afford a suitable site whereon to start such a glorious institution.

At Sooltanpoor a small annual fair already exists, so perhaps it would be better policy on the part of Government to use its best endeavours to improve that than attempt to establish a rival.

Oh! that we could instil into our countrymen more of that spirit of commercial energy and bold speculation, which characterises our formidable rivals in the United States, who, in the short space of a quarter of a century, have raised the tonnage of their steam fleet to nearly quadruple that of our own country, and who, in a few short months more, will place a steam girdle round the world!* If we had possessed but one-half of their commercial tact and enterprise, Central Asia would not now be such a *terra incognita*.

From the Sutlej if we follow the base of the Himalaya in an easterly direction, we shall come upon Hurdwar, well known as the site of the most important fair held in British India. Proceeding onwards beyond the eastern limits of Nepaul, we arrive at Titalya on the river Teesta, which forms the boundary between the British Hill Territory of Sikkim and that of Bhotan. Titalya being favourably situated on the road from Calcutta to Lhassa, a fair has been successfully established, which promises to increase and turn out a profitable enterprise.

Between this place and Hurdwar, both at Benares and Allahabad, we believe fairs are held, which but require fostering to become of vast commercial importance. We had the honor of bringing this subject to the notice of Government several years ago, and since then we have lost no opportunities of urging its importance on the commercial men of this country. Lord Hardinge was the first Governor General who made it a part of his policy for the extension of commerce, but he was wanting in the necessary perseverance and patience for its successful prosecution.

Lord Dalhousie followed in the wake, and avoiding his predecessor's errors, is likely to carry on the requisite measures with vigour and ultimate success.

But let us now turn to our eastern frontier.

Will not the mighty Bhurrumpootra assist us in conveying our goods to the N. E. of Assam, and enable us to hold a profitable intercourse with our brethren of Tibet? Will no propitiatory offering to the Grand Lama draw forth an edict, ordaining that his faithful believers should furnish themselves with English manufactures, and also to clothe themselves with the purple and fine linens of Europe? When we consider the distance between the frontiers of Russia and Pekin, through Chinese Tartary; and when we also take into account the intermediate sandy deserts and moun-

† The entire steam marine of Great Britain and her dependencies is stated at 1184 steamers, with a tonnage of 142,080 tons; while the aggregate of the steam marine of the United States consist of 1890 vessels, with a tonnage of 427,112 tons!!!—*Vide Evening Mail* of the 27th February 1852.

tainous regions inhabited chiefly by lawless tribes living entirely on plunder, we cannot but feel astonished at the perseverance and enterprize exhibited by those two gigantic empires in carrying on their commercial intercourse.

If Allen's Map of India can be relied on, our district of Munneepoor is only 160 *miles* from China Proper! What then, may it be asked, are the insurmountable difficulties which have hitherto arrested our intercourse with the Chinese by this overland route? Are the mountains impassable, or are the Celestials too jealous? If that nation finds it beneficial to exchange her commodities with foreigners and barbarians on one portion of her extensive frontier, it can hardly be supposed she would object to it on another. Are the various tribes who inhabit the intermediate country so blind to their own interests, as entirely to prohibit the transport of merchandise through their territories on the payment of a reasonable duty? Or are there physical obstructions between the British and Chinese Empires, which preclude all hope of ever carrying on a profitable traffic by this otherwise favorable channel?

But if Russians and Chinese can overcome such difficulties, why should not the British be able to do the same? Who can doubt, that, whether the Americans or Dutch had possessed the advantages that our merchants have enjoyed for so long a time, for extending their commerce, they would, ere this, have had their own agents in every principal town in Asia?

Besides an increase of trade, another object of equal importance would be gained by opening a direct overland communication with China.

It would most probably create a stream of immigration which would flow into districts now over-run with jungle, and convert them into fertile provinces.

That the Chinese would prefer settling in our provinces to remaining in the intermediate tracts, or even their own country, can hardly be doubted, as they would soon learn the blessings of our rule, and its superiority over any others they had ever experienced before. That the Chinese are willing to emigrate, is shewn by the fact of thousands having crossed, and that are still crossing the wide Pacific, on their way to California. When the news of the auriferous wealth of Australia penetrates the boundary of China, no doubt can exist that its towns and cities will pour forth their myriads of human beings to enrich the lands of the "outward barbarians" of Austral Asia. Great exertions are being made by the English colonists of Guiana, and the West Indian Islands, to induce this peculiarly industrious race to make the above colonies the land of their adoption.

Then why should India, and India alone, not improve the advantages of her geographical and political position; and whilst extending her frontier towards the western limit of the Celestial Empire, by slow and cautious steps, why should she not use every legitimate means to entice the subjects of the "Brother of the Sun and Moon," to come and people her wastes, and develop her boundless natural resources? Why should she not avail herself of their skill and industry to the fullest extent? What obstacles

stand in the way of perpetual and copious streams of commerce flowing between the two vast Kingdoms of China and Hindoostan, which cannot be overcome by British skill and energy? But that no such insurmountable difficulties do exist, to obstruct the advancement of civilization and commerce in the direction of the Celestial Empire, we will now proceed to shew by a few extracts,* which we trust will prove interesting to our readers.

"The direct distance between Calcutta and the Chinese frontier of Yun-nan is about 540 miles, nearly the same as that from Calcutta to Agra. The road which we have to travel admits of three subdivisions, part first falling in Bengal, between Calcutta and Sylhet; part second in the dependent states of Cachar and Munipur; and part third in the Burmese Empire.

"Part first, from Calcutta to Sylhet, is known, and for the whole distance river communication is open at all seasons.

"Part second, up the Barak river (in Sylhet called the Surmah) through Cachar. This Cachar, with its capital Khaspur, adjoins Sylhet on the eastward, and is governed by an independent Raja. The Barak river runs through it, and is navigable as far upwards as Kalanaga Ghat, but in the dry season only as far as Talayn, where rapids interrupt the passage.

"The ground rises gradually towards the east to the Khainbunda mountains, which separate Cachar from Munipur. These mountains consist of several chains running from north to south, with a breadth of 40 miles, and are not above 4000 feet high, and over which a road has been made by the Government of Bengal.

"Their eastern foot rests on the table land of Munipur, which has an elevation of 2500 feet above the sea, and which is on all sides surrounded by mountains.

"This territory belongs also to an independent Raja, residing at the principal town of the same name, who, however, like his neighbour of Khaspur, is placed under the inspection of a Company's Resident.

"Our road lies across this elevated plain towards its eastern boundary, which is a range of hills, called by some geographers the Mirang mountains. Over these we have to cross, then to descend, to the Kubo† valley, and to the abovementioned Ningthi river, on which we reach Monfoo, the first Burmese frontier town.

"On our road from Calcutta we have found river communication for the greater part of a direct distance of 250 miles to Silhet, and still further on for 65 miles to Kalanaga Ghat. From this place to Monfoo are only 105 miles, and we have to cross the Khainbunda mountains, having a breadth of 40 miles, on good roads, then to traverse the Munipur table-land 30 miles broad, on more level ground, and finally over the Mirang hills to Monfoo on the Ningthi river, 35 miles.

"The people which we meet on this track, east of Sylhet, differ from each other, according to the nature of the country which they occupy. They are, first, the inhabitants of the low country, the Cacharees; secondly, of the high-

* From *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.*
† Usually spelt "Kaboo."

er, Munipur; and thirdly, of the hills surrounding that table-land. They are all quite different from the Bengalees, and belong to the same group of Eastern Asiatic races as the Thay and Shan, the Birmese and Siamese; the occupants of the mountains round Munipur are the Nagas or Kookees. They are a free, independent, and very active people, who, poor and separated from all cultivated countries around, have remained unsubdued by more powerful neighbours. They build their villages on the most inaccessible ridges and mountain tops, are of great muscular strength, and indefatigable mountaineers. As such they will prove the best carriers for the transport of goods across their mountains—the baggarees of the east.

"Part third,—from Monfoo, on the Ningthi river further east to the Irrawaddy, are 70 miles direct distance.*

"Of this part of our road we possess no information; and no European traveller has visited this country.

"Yet from the configuration of the whole peninsula, we conclude that it is filled up with parallel mountain chains running from north to south, of no considerable elevation, and opposing no great difficulties to our progress. On the Irrawaddy, about Kutha Mio, under the 24th degree of north latitude, we meet with the great caravan route leading from Ava to Yun-nan. It proceeds up the navigable river as far as Bhanmo, whence the road to Yun-nan runs in the valley of the Bhanmo river, a tributary to the Irrawaddy.† This Bhanmo is the most important town of Northern Burmah; it is the emporium of its trade with China, and annually, twice at the beginning, and at the end of the dry season, a Chinese caravan arrives here, selling all the goods here, whilst only few merchants proceed to Ava.

"This market has been frequented since the earliest centuries, and formerly even to a much greater extent than now, since the comparatively recent invasions and conquests of the Manmas or Burmese, have interrupted the trade. Marco Polo, the famous Venetian traveller, who, as an Envoy of the Mongal Bublai Khan, visited these countries at the end of the 13th century, is the first who gives us some information of this market, and of the road leading from here into Yun-nan. The commerce transacted here is still considerable, and consists principally in an exchange of the various productions of Yun-nan, and neighbouring provinces of China, for those of Burma, and the more northern countries of the Bhor Khamtees, the Mismis and Singphos, as far as Assam and Tibet. The articles of trade, as given by Crawfurd, are the following:—

1. "Exports from China.—Copper, auripigment, mercury, cinnabar, alum, tin, lead, silver, gold, China ware, *pictures*, ironware, carpets, rhubarb, tea, raw silk, velvets, honey, musk, paper, fans, &c. Raw silk and tea are the greatest items, the former to the amount of 27,000 bales.

2. "Imports to China from Burma are cotton, upwards of 75,000 bales, edible birds' nests,

* This we believe to be incorrect—about 140 miles is the correct distance.
† The author of this is a German, and his English is sometimes obscure.

ivory, horns, precious stones, and *British manufactures.* The whole exchange is estimated by Crawfurd from half a million to £700,000 annually.

"Looking on the map of this part of Asia, it will at once appear surprising, that a direct intercourse should never have existed on our side between India and China, and that the trade which concentrates at Bhanmo, should not have extended to Calcutta across these countries, which, as we have seen, are in all parts accessible, and which offer even many facilities for the transport of goods; and only the fact that the political state of these countries has been always very unsettled, especially since the Burmese gained the ascendency, accounts for it in some degree.

"Yet is the way which we have described the only one that leads from India to China, and which connects both countries just at the point of their nearest approach to each other; it is thus the only road on which possibly any direct intercourse between both countries ever can take place, since in all other directions they are separated by mountains and far greator distances; and if we look upon a direct trade between India and China as an [illegible] of the highest commercial as well as political importance, we [illegible] give due weight to the [illegible] points, which appe[illegible] easily practical[illegible]

1. "Th[illegible] municatio[illegible] of 250 [illegible] Calcutta to Sylhet, [illegible] 65 miles to [illegible].

2. "That from this place to Munipur, &c. a road is made, [illegible] that there exist no difficulties [illegible] crossing the remaining part of the country to Bhanmo.

3. "That the extensive trade which is carried on at present at Bhanmo, offers a very favorable opportunity for opening commerce with the Chinese, and to extend the same to Calcutta.

4. "That the market place for this new trade would be at Sylhet, consequently in our own territory.

5. "That the land transport from Bhanmo to Sylhet would devolve on the Chinese, and that we only have to go to Sylhet by water.

"The spirit of enterprize of the Chinese is well known; wherever they find security and profit, there they resort; and they will easily overcome the difficulties of the land transport between Bhanmo and Sylhet, in which perhaps any Europeans would be less successful. On this probability, that we need only go as far as Sylhet, and that the Chinese will come there, so that Sylhet would become the market place for the trade, rests the likelihood of success in any attempt to open a direct commerce between China and India; and every Calcutta merchant will enter more freely in this speculation, if he considers that th[illegible] his goods will be on [illegible], and at a place to [illegible] transport the same [illegible] by water and at little cost. [illegible] articles of trade would be [illegible] suited for this commerce, [illegible] what profit could be realized, only experience and a better examination of the productions and requirements of these countries can show.

"Most likely that opium and woollen cloths would be in good demand in the interior of

China, and that tea, raw silk, but especially the minerals, as silver, gold, auripigment, copper, &c., of which Yun-nan in said to be very rich, will turn out as profitable purchases on our side.

"But it is not to be expected that this commerce could be established at once, and that all the resources of the countries east of Bengal, and of interior China, would flow at once into this channel of trade to be discharged at Sylhet; on the contrary, we wish only to draw the attention of the Calcutta merchants, and those connected with this place, to these countries, to convince them by showing how great a field for profitable enterprize still remains unexplored, that they deserve to be better examined, and that the advantages which they offer to commerce justify a first attempt to open the same."

This intermediate country between China and Munipoor is thus eloquently described in an early number of the *Asiatic Society's Journal:*—

"Few nations bordering upon the British dominions in India are less generally known than those inhabiting the extreme N. E. frontier of Bengal; and yet, in a commercial, a statistical, or political point of view, no country is more important. There our territory of Assam is situated in almost immediate contact with the empires of China and Ava, each being separated from the other by a narrow belt of mountainous country, possessed by barbarous tribes of independent savages, and capable of being crossed over in the present state of communication in 10 or 12 days. From this mountain range, navigable branches of the great rivers of Nankin, of Cambodia, of Martaban, of Ava, and of Assam, derive their origin, and appear designed by nature as the great highways of commerce between the nations of Ultra-Gangetic Asia.

"In that quarter, our formidable neighbours the Burmese, have been accustomed to make their inroads into Assam; there, in the event of hostilities, they are certain to attempt it again; and there, in case of its ever becoming necessary to take vengeance on the Chinese, an armed force embarking on the Bhramaputra could be easily marched across the intervening country to the banks of the greatest river in China, which would conduct them through the very centre of the celestial empire to the ocean.

"This beautiful tract of country, though thinly populated by straggling hordes of slowly procreating barbarians, and allowed to lie profitless in primeval jungle, or run to waste with luxuriance of vegetation, enjoys all the qualities requisite for rendering it one of the finest in the world.

"Its climate is cold, healthy, and congenial to European constitutions; its numerous crystal streams abound in gold dust, and masses of the solid metal; its mountains are pregnant with precious stones and silver; its atmosphere is perfumed with tea, growing wild and luxuriantly; and its soil is so well adapted to all kinds of agricultural purposes, that it might be converted into one continued garden of silk, and cotton and coffee, and sugar and tea, over an extent of many thousand miles.

"This valuable tract of country, far richer than many of our expensive provinces, is inhabited by various races, several of which

have acknowledged our authority, some that of the Burmese, and others that of China; but a considerable number have sworn allegiance to no power, and maintain their independence. Of these tribes the most considerable are the Miris, Abors, Mishmis, Kangtis, Bor-Kangtis, Singphos, Muamarias and Nagas.

"By far the most powerful, and the most numerous of these hill tribes are the Singphos; they also possess the greatest extent of country. Their country is bounded on the north by the Lohit river; on the east by the Langton mountains, which separate them from the Bor-Kangtis; on the south by the Patkoi range, which divides them from the Burmese Singphos, from whom they are descended; and on the west, by a line drawn south from Suddya, till it meets the last named mountains.

"The Singphos of Assam are separated from the Singphos subservient to the Burmese, by the Patkoi chain of mountains; and though entirely independent of one another, yet maintain a friendly intercourse.

"The Burmese Singphos occupy a very extensive tract of country on both sides of the Irrawaddi, and from the Patkoi mountains eastward to the borders of China. The Chinese, the same people who traverse the vast sandy deserts of Mongolia for the purposes of trade, carry on a very considerable trade with these Singphos, and through the medium of their country with Assam."

Before concluding this portion of our subject, we will venture, at the risk of being thought tedious, to point out another route by which a fresh outlet might be made for our merchandise, viz. the one into Great Tibet, adopted by pilgrims, and leading through the Abor country, along the course of the Dihong or Sampu. This route is usually accomplished in 16 days from Suddya, and leads to Bhalu, the frontier town of Tibet, and four days' journey from the populous city of Ro-shé-mah. At present there is little or no trade in this direction, excepting the trifling amount carried on by the pilgrims; yet we can have no hesitation in saying, that Suddya might be made one of our most important commercial depôts, by combining judicious diplomacy with commercial enterprise, and aided by a regular steam communication.

The favorable position of the town of Munipur likewise points it out as a fit locality for establishing an annual fair.

If we continue our travels along the British frontier, we shall at last come to the province of Arracan. Hence a road through the very accessible pass of Aeng leads over a low range into the valley of the Irrawaddy. Its sea coast is indented by good harbours, so that here also we have a very favorab[illegible]bination of circumstances [illegible] establishing fairs, [illegible] increasing our intercourse with [illegible] Burmese.

In concluding [illegible] lengthy article, we cannot help making some remarks on the present contest with the Burmese, although on the chances of their being out of date before they reach the eyes of the public.

In the first place, it is hoped no peace will be made with the Burmese until after the occupation of their capital Umeerapoora.

With our present resources a month would suffice for its capture. Steamers can reach Prome in six days at most; whence to the capital is but 300 miles, to reach which by land, therefore, need not occupy more than twenty-five days. But there is every reason to believe that steamers could proceed much higher up the Irrawaddy, if not quite as far as the capital itself. This expedition then into the heart of the enemies' country need not occupy so long a time as even a month. Having captured Rangoon, Martaban, and Bassein, the [illegible] should be at once despatched up the river to Prome, which captured and turned into a depôt, the army could again proceed up the Irrawaddy as far as it was found practicable. Thence a few forced marches would place the enemies' capital in our hands. Such energy and expedition could not fail to strike with terror not only the Golden Feet, which would be probably seen disappearing in the jungle on our approach, but likewise the despotic rulers of Siam, Cambodia, Cochin-China, &c., and even their powerful neighbours the Chinese. We should think there could exist no reasonable fear of the capability of our steamers to keep open the communication with the sea, and to convey the necessary supplies We fear, however, that instead of any such vigorous measures being taken to subdue the Burmese, our power and energies will be exhausted in the delta of the Irrawaddy, bombarding and assaulting numberless petty towns and stockades, as was lamentably the case during the last Burmese War. In those days, however, the Government had not the command of such overwhelming means as it has at present. It will be a lasting disgrace to the English nation, if it does not now avail itself to the utmost of the experience to be derived from passed errors, and of the unlimited resources at its command. We are afraid that in the present campaign the Government has not profited by former experience. It has repeated the fault of delaying at the extremity of the Burmese Empire, instead of hastening on to the capital. And, if rumour speaks true, the Government intends again to pause at Prome, and there to wait the submission of the "Golden Feet."—Alas! that so much blood and treasure should have been spilt in vain; that overwhelming disasters should never serve as warnings to us! Verily, the English are purblind. One would have thought that after the insight we had gained into Burmese tactics, and the knowledge we had obtained of their country, we should have been able to prostrate their barbarous and haughty monarch in the space of a few weeks. Had we been contented with the capture of Rangoon, and then despatched every available steamer up the Irrawaddy, and in the meanwhile landed a couple of brigades at the head of the Aeng Creek, and at the foot of the Pass of the same name, both forces would have met at a place called Sembegwin* on the Irrawaddy, at a spot about 150 miles above Patanago, and within 200 of Ava. Hence the land force

* Sembegwin is about 120 miles from the town of Aeng, and the distance could be easily marched in twelve days.

could have crossed the river, and proceeded direct to the enemies' capital, whilst the steamers followed the river route. A couple of months, dating from the capture of Rangoon, would have sufficed to bring the present campaign to a glorious termination. By such a bold and energetic stroke we should have left all the Burmese troops down in the delta, and created confusion and dismay throughout the length and breadth of the Malay Peninsula. But no, it seems to be ordained, that such martial skill and energy should never be displayed by the British nation. Our very blunders seem destined for an important and wide-spread purpose, and force upon us an extension of our Empire. If we halt at Prome, it will not be difficult to predict the result, that halt will prove fatal to the liberties of the Malayan Peninsula. As we have said elsewhere, truly, the Saxon people are destined to become the predominant race throughout the world. But let us proceed.

Having conquered the Burmese, the next question to be considered, will be the ultimate disposal of their territory. In portioning their territory we must keep two points in view. The Birman empire must be so far reduced as not to cause us any serious uneasiness for the future; yet it must not be so much weakened as to fall an easy prey to any one of its ambitious neighbours. We require on our frontier a state sufficiently strong to be able to defend itself against any power but our own, so that whilst it can never be independent of us, yet will not require our armed interference for its protection.

Our next consideration will be to remunerate ourselves for the expenses of the war. This will be done probably partly by annexation of territory, and partly by money payments. To obtain a good boundary line must be our first care on increasing our empire.

This necessary precaution was overlooked, or at any rate not sufficiently attended to, on the termination of the last war. Nearly the whole of our eastern boundary line requires remodelling; and no doubt a due attention will be paid to this point by our present Head of the Government. We shall here only just allude to the obvious necessity of uniting our maritime provinces of Arracan and Tenasscrim by the annexation of Pegu and the whole delta of the Irrawaddy. It is absolutely necessary that we should possess the entire sea coast around the Bay of Bengal. We have still one more subject to touch upon before we bring this lengthy notice to a close. We require fresh outlets for our daily increasing manufactures, and the present occasion is a noble opportunity for opening an overland inter-communication with China.

Bhanmo, the great emporium before alluded to, is situated on the Irrawaddy, about 300 miles above Ava. It is, moreover, only removed 140 miles from our ter-[illegible] of Munip[illegible]r; to open this intermediate country to our own and to the Chinese merchants, must form the subject of separate articles in our treaty with the Burmese. We must insist upon a free and unrestricted commercial intercourse between ourselves and the Chinese through the Burmese territories; and the more effectually to carry out this important

measure, we must have a Resident at Ava, whose principal duties will consist in protecting and cementing this friendly intercourse. At first there will probably be much opposition offered by the people as well as by the Lord of the White Elephants, but a few years of experience will soon convince them of the incalculable benefits of free trade.

Now, having brought our article to an end, we will conclude by wishing our comrades in arms a glorious and *profitable* termination to their exertions in the service of their country, hoping at the same time, with our countrymen, at large, that the advantages gained in the field by the blood and valour of the British Soldier, may not be thrown away by imbecility in the Cabinet.

N. W. P. Nov. 1852.

NOTE.—In fixing our boundary, it is to be hoped that the Salween River will form our southern boundary, and some river, or chain of hills to the northward, and above the Talak and Aeng Passes, so as to include these within our territory. Aeng will then become an important Sea-port town. As it is built on the banks of a navigable creek, and only 120 miles from Patanago, there can be no doubt a large quantity of British imports will find their way into the heart of Burmah by this direct route.

Selections and Translations.

AN HOUR IN THE CONCIERGERIE.

(Translated from the French of M. Michel Raymond.)

I NEVER voluntarily threw myself into the path of politics; I have always submitted without a murmur to their intrusion at different times into certain episodes of my private life, of course with the effect of depriving me of some portion of my repose, my patrimony, and whatever I held most dear. Thus I was forced to become a soldier, and excepting my button holes, there is not a part of me that has not been riddled. My relations, my college friends, have been torn from me one after the other. The Reign of Terror, the Empire, and the Restoration, have all had their share in this work. And, lastly, I have paid my quota for sharing in no small number of amorous intrigues. A few certificates of my services, which are already turning yellow in an old drawer, epitaphs hidden by flowers, and my resignation—such has been my history. I do not mention this as any thing extraordinary; it is the common lot of the army of martyrs. Some day, perhaps, I may endeavour to strike a balance of the account between our eight or ten forms of Government, and an individual who has been a partizan of none, though a creditor of all. It is not that I wish to be indemnified for my losses. The progress made in the matter of Governments does not go quite so far as that, and their professions are of quite another nature. But though they may possess the power to destroy the welfare, the health, and the heart's peace of an individual, I shall still have the consolation of proving to them that chagrin, poverty, and rheumatism set them at defiance, for I have arrived at an age when scorn can no longer hold its peace. However, at present I will only speak of a time already remote from our own.

In the month of October, 1795, I was residing in Paris in the section des Gravilliers. It was one of the most fiery sections, and contained citizens endowed with a perspicacity of patriotism that often alarmed me. I myself was honored with all possible kinds of suspicion. My silence, my solitary and reserved habits, gave rise to strange conjectures; only, fortunately for me, they contradicted one another. With the exception of a few domiciliary visits now and then, a night passed in listening to the tolling of the tocsin, and the exactions that could not always be avoided, I began to consider myself one of the most fortunate denizens of the great city. No imprisonment awaited me; the president of my section was in the habit of shaking hands with me; and no one was envious of my lot.

An event occurred that dragged me out of my sphere. An old female friend, who lived at Versailles, wrote to inform me that intelligence had at last been received touching

one of her nephews, Antoine Devillers, who had been missing for the last six months, and was supposed to have perished in some street row. He was little better than a child, and had become deranged, in consequence of his mother being drowned while crossing the Seine, at the time of the fêtes given in celebration of the first Federation in the Champ-de-Mars. The poor creature, wandering through the streets of Paris, without a protector and without resources, drawn any where by a noise, and fraternising with the first comer, was sure to be present at every patriotic fête, at every execution. Thus when, on the 16th October, the cart that conveyed the Queen to the scaffold passed before the steps of St. Roch, a lucid moment probably returned, on beholding that pale and noble countenance, which more than once had gained fresh beauty in smiling at his infantine sports beneath the cool shades and on the soft turf of Versailles. The yells and hooting of which the infamous Collot d'Herbois set the example, the national guard encircling that tumbrel with bayonets, that crowd of spectators lining the streets and the balconies to hiss at the victim, to clap their hands on the appearance of the executioner, those thousands of pikes, those naked swords, nothing availed to repress on the lips of Antoine Devillers the exclamation of bygone days deeply engraved on his memory, and he suddenly again and again shouted aloud, *Vive la Reine*, waving in the air his rugged *bonnet rouge*. A score of arms hurled him to the ground half dead. A *sans-culotte* pulled him by the collar of his coat, and handed him over to some soldiers of the revolutionary army. He was thrown into one of the lowest dungeons of the Conciergerie, with the intention of confronting him with royalists of low rank, suspected of generous manœuvres. They would have rescued Marie Antoinette from what was then termed national vengeance. The awkwardness of these poor wretches, who perished on the scaffold, almost justified the emigration. There was a much better chance of dancing at Coblentz.

On the receipt of this letter I did not hesitate a moment what to do. I hastened to wait upon the president of my section, who sent me to the Commune, the Secretary of which addressed me familiarly, but put me off for the present. However, in less than three days, after running to and fro a thousand times, and giving a world of trouble to nearly a dozen shopkeepers, all friends of the existing state of things, after a series of questions, each more pointless than the other, I obtained an official order to be admitted into the Conciergerie. My old housekeeper never recovered from her astonishment at my influence with the authorities.

At the jail, in addition to the clerk of the Conciergerie, to whom I exhibited my permit, I found in the office a citizen in the costume of a representative of the people, who seemed to pierce to the lowest depths of any soul with his false intolerable glance. In a careless tone of voice he kept plying me with insidious questions, to which I replied with a beating heart. I did not quite comprehend the drift of all his verbiage; but as his squinting eyes, while running over some lines in a dirty register, ever and anon measured me from head to foot, as if to take in the whole description, I perfectly understood how dangerous it was to wear on one's shoulders a head of any kind in times of revolution. His smiles were by no means calculated to restore my confidence. I looked upon them as the outward manifestations of a malignant joy that was likely to cost me dear. He must have seen how I suffered, for he protracted the interview needlessly. I was obliged to tell him my country, which he easily guessed by my accent; my mode of living, and every thing that concerned myself. All this savoured of a member of the Committee of General Safety, and oppressed me like a night-mare. An open and frank examination

would have suited me much better than this mazy cross-questioning. He took possession of the doctor's attestation as to the madness of Antoine Devillers, and also my friend's letter, as well as my certificate of citizenship. Then, turning to the jailor, and pointing to me with his finger, he said; "I see no objection to detaining the prisoner as a provisional measure, until I can ascertain if he is not an emissary from Bordeaux."

Having said this, he made use of some other expressions, the meaning of which I did not discover till afterwards, for they are not to be found in any dictionary, and then turned his back upon me. The door-keeper, who was escorted by two enormous dogs, left me no time to demand a more categorical explanation, for he took me by the shoulders, and pushed me before him into a grassy inclosure, filled with people who were trying to get a little sunshine close to the walls. Leaving this, the bolts of a lower door were drawn back, and I entered a damp chamber, where I passed in review before some twenty prisoners. These regarded me with the cold and distrustful curiosity natural to the unfortunate. It seems almost their interest to form, at first sight, some sort of conclusion from the physiognomy of the captives who are to become their companions. Thus every species of chagrin overwhelmed me at the same time: the authorities seized upon me as a suspected person, while the prisoners received me as a spy.

I asked the door-keeper for writing materials, and he immediately opened a door leading into a cell marked No. 13, and tolerably furnished, evidently the abode of a methodical person. Here I scribbled two or three letters to the patriots of my section. My principal trust was in my wine merchant, who esteemed me in the double capacity of a customer and a compatriot, and would readily comprehend the danger he himself would incur if he allowed me to be treated as a Girondist.

Having despatched my letters I began to reflect on my position, my elbows on the table, and my head between my hands, but my reverie was soon disturbed by the entrance of two prisoners.

"I beg your pardon," said one of them; "but if it would not be troubling you too much, my friend would like to make use of the table in his turn."

I could not object, and they pointed to some books on a shelf. I took down a volume of Telemachus, and turned over the leaves mechanically. The one who had addressed me now left the room, and I began to examine the one who was writing. His countenance, viewed in detail, was common enough, but taking it as a whole, there was something remarkable in its mixture of apathy and conscious superiority, of disdain and indifference. The lower lip projected considerably, indicating a habit of meditative abstraction, against which eye lids raised with an effort seemed to denote that an apathetic temperament incessantly protested. I could not define his eyes, so rapidly did they change from animation to dullness, but the forehead, across which two or three wrinkles tremulously appeared, and then passed away, was formed for the reception of profound ideas; and in the marked inclination to turn upwards of that perfectly regular chin, I fancied that I could discern an index to a voluptuous and indolent disposition. Through these signs of tendencies so contradictory that traced the workings of the soul on its outward case, I could distinguish a character that might possess the dignity of courage, but was destitute of its fire.

To excuse the indiscretion of such a studious examination, I ought to observe that the features of the prisoner were not altogether unknown to me. He himself, in a moment of leisure, while mending his pen, read the thought that was passing through my mind, and thus broke the ice between us.

"Citizen," said he, "we have met before this?"

"I am almost certain of it," I replied, "but my memory only recals your features. The place and the circumstances of our meeting escape my recollection."

"Are you of the department of the Gironde?"

"I come from Saint Emilion."

"You may have seen me in Paris?"

"No; but now I remember having travelled in company with you from Limoges to Perigneux. The sound of your voice set me on the right track, though it is some years since then."

"It will be nine years next Twelfth Day. It is a date I shall never forget. I did not then know that in turning my back on Paris, I was on my way to a revolution, which I helped to bring about, and which is now going to cut off my head that it may proceed with me."

"What, sir! have you taken an active part in the events that have happened of late?"

My astonishment made him smile.

"And this is popularity!" he murmured, as he laid down his pen. He then looked at me with a mild expression on his countenance, as he said, "I am Vergniaud."

A profound sentiment of respect for talent and misfortune made me involuntarily rise from my chair, but he seized my hand, and forced me to resume my seat.

"Do you come up from the country?" he added.

"I left it about fifteen months ago, and have been in Paris ever since the 10th August. I had been furnished with letters of introduction to you, particularly from the Dupaty family, but circumstances are our masters. The fame of the politician kept me aloof from the fellow countryman. His renown detained at a distance one of his most obscure admirers. The catastrophe of the 31st May overtook me before I had been able to fulfil a duty, and contemplate, face to face, one of our most celebrated orators. If I could have imagined that I should find in Vergniaud an old fellow traveller, my timidity would not have preserved its scruples until to-day."

"Your debts are paid," replied Vergniaud. The Conciergerie is destined to behold more than one such interview as ours, unless some new Charlotte Corday appear upon the stage; but we must not look for that. The heart of a Brutus in the body of a Lucretia was altogether an anachronism for an age like ours. Nature does not make such mistakes twice running, and the Montagne no longer fears to glide into the bath of Marat."

"This dejection........"

"Is common to the majority among us. I envy the temperament of those who never despond. No doubt there must be some generous spring of action at the bottom of their souls. Never despair; I know no more powerful stimulant than hope; it makes a man live to the last moment of his life. What do you suppose I am myself now engaged about? It is wretched folly, but Fonfrède and Ducos exact it of me. They exact it without due reflection. I am preparing my defence against my appearing before the revolutionary tribunal!"

At these words he spurted some drops of ink over the paper, with a gesture of contempt.

"When the one party is determined on slaughter," he exclaimed, "and it becomes the duty of the other to die, is not hypocrisy an act of cowardice on either side? Did Regulus profane his ivory tablets with a pusillanimous apology, to escape being rolled alive down the precipice that avenged the pride of Hamilcar? No. His enemies did not constitute themselves his judges in order to prove to him methodically that revenge was specially provided for by a particular clause of the Carthaginian Constitution. What avails the verbiage of the public accuser, or the vain pleading of a man who is no longer free? The voice of the shipwrecked mariner does not make itself heard through the roar of the tempest. The *væ victis* is the law of the world: the conqueror must pronounce it; the vanquished

must hear it. When murderers have the word "Country" on their lips, a man of spirit should wrap himself in silence, and extend his throat to the executioners." He crossed his arms on his chest as if he were replying to the Montagne from the Tribune.

"The craftiness of forms makes no real difference. Political accusations are sentences of death from the mouths of the majority; only they throw the ignominy of the execution upon humbler accessories. When the authorities have cast aside all principle, if the tribunals should pretend to preserve their independence, they would be punished in their turn as conspirators. Judicial forms are no more than a wretched farce that disgusts the soul, and law itself becomes seditious when it presumes to oppose obstacles to usurpation. We must not dishonor ourselves for such empty observances. Never will I lend my hand to a falsehood."

And he broke his pen against the table.

Remarking the interest depicted in my countenance, he at once, without an apparent effort, laid aside his angry feelings.

"Let that pass," he resumed with a smile. "I am allowing myself to be hurried away by one question, while I forget that which I really wish to address to you. As you were of the party travelling to Perigneux in the winter of 1785, you may perhaps remember the young woman who was in the public conveyance with us?"

"Perfectly. And by the same token I indulged in many conjectures concerning her and yourself, but which were put an end to by your leaving us at the cross-road that leads to Libourne. The lady persisted in exposing her thin pale face to the chill breeze of the road, doubtless with the hope that you would rejoin us. The man who escorted her could scarcely draw a word from her, and I myself made extraordinary but unavailing efforts to discover whether he was a relative or only an old husband."

"Well, I am in just as great uncertainty as yourself about that matter, but I began to hope that the accident which has brought us together might furnish me with a clue to penetrate into a destiny that has mysteriously crossed my own. If my life did not belong to the Jacobins, I would cheerfully give it to hear the name of that young woman."

I could not repress a gesture of astonishment.

"It is not that opportunities have failed me for that and for many other things," he added, as he pushed the door with his foot. "It is I who have allowed these opportunities to escape me, and in these few words I give you the *resumé* of my entire history. In truth, if, as you remarked just now, it is circumstances that govern us, I could imagine that those who are favored by opportunities must have done something of themselves to procure them. My own disposition has been fatal to me. The blind goddess has a hundred times offered me her hand to accompany me through the world, but I preferred sleeping under her wheel. And now when I look back upon my days of energy, I can hardly repent of my usual indolence, and I begin to think that the time unemployed was the best employed."

"You don't render justice to yourself, citizen; your labours, your reputation........"

"Talk not of justice in the Conciergerie!" said he with bitterness. "It is enough to be an object of suspicion without becoming an object of ridicule. We are not obliged to sacrifice our common sense preparatory to having our heads cut off."

"Well!" I exclaimed with vivacity. "Do not then renounce the idea of defending yourself as long as you have breath. It is anticipating death if you do not avail yourself with energy of every delay that can be interposed to the executioner. There is no use in committing suicide when the scaffold will save you the trouble. What is there degrad-

ing in the Guillotine? Marat died by assassination. Besprinkle with your blood the Place de la Revolution, for avengers will arise from it."

"Who knows! The revolution has started from its orbit. How then could our death raise an obstacle in the path of those who have overthrown us as they hurried along? You would bring me back to my own indecision? You would urge me to follow the advice of my friends? I am aware that it must be so. The lyre of Orpheus still murmured as it glided down the stream of the Hebrus; and the priestesses of Bacchus, with dishevelled hair, listened on the banks of the river for many a day afterwards, to the echoes of Thrace, as they repeated to one another the vain regrets of the husband of Eurydice. Sooner or later our last accents shall refute the doctrines of these butchers—but I will commit nothing to writing, the task is too loathsome. Am I never to find a moment of repose? Am I to be condemned to converse for ever with those men, even when I am not in their presence? And after all, what is this bit of cold paper; what this miserable machine of a pen? To rouse inspiration I must feel the scorn, the hatred their aspect ever raises in me. On their countenances I shall read my notes. Even the son of Latone needed the excitement of an audience and the ears of a Midas. Amar will be then......."

He smiled, and cut the paper into shreds with the blade of his pen-knife.

"I was not born for all that! I came into the world at a very unseasonable moment. Louis XVI. and I, have been playmates with misfortune. Who will ever restore to me my simple reminiscences of childhood! And my little foster-sister, so serious beneath the dark shadow of the willows, as we stole along with timid step to startle the teal that had sought a shelter amid the reeds of Saint-Hilaire-Bonneval! I loved noiseless pastimes, sweet but indolent meditation, endless conversations about a past peopled with glorious memories, and with pliant and ingenious allegories that mingled humanity with the gods! Instead of all that they have thrust me into the mud, and my feet have stuck fast. I have lost the prison of my early years. Mankind is horrible to contemplate near at hand."

We both remained silent and pensive. The cold air of the dungeon added greatly to this bitterness of feeling. I could not find in me to offer him consolation. My respect for that great reputation, struggling against destiny, increased more and more as I marked the expression of chagrin imprinted on his countenance, and for the moment I partook of his misanthropy too much to refute it.

At length he was the first to break the silence.

"I am glad to see you," he remarked. "One's attention here is perpetually drawn from whatever might remind one of bygone emotions, and it is these alone that bring back vigor to my blood. Imprisonment consumes my very vitals. It was the attraction of my first and early recollections that rendered me culpable when we formerly met. I fancied myself well enough off with my six and twenty years not to be in too great haste to anticipate the future. Instinct proved a better servant than fortune. However, it was fully my intention to have remained with my fellow travellers, and my place was secured. In truth, it is a misery not to know the names of people, for otherwise they are like a dream of memory. The young woman of whom we were speaking just now excited my interest. Need I remind you of all the circumstances of the case? A man advanced in life acted as her escort, and yet allowed himself to sleep. There accidentally escaped me some remark on my father's profession. I mentioned the Parliament of Bordeaux, in which the President Dupaty urged me to try my fortune. The amiable and melancholy girl thereupon broke the silence she had preserved from the

commencement of the journey, and timidly asked my advice in behalf of one of her female friends. But probably you have forgotten all that?"

"Not at all. Her evident anxiety, whenever the sleeper seemed about to awaken, the emotion of a bosom that heaved more and more tumultuously, the agitation of her voice, her confusion in smelling at an artificial rose which she held in her hand, probably in order to conceal her sudden blushes, led me to guess the extreme proximity of this friend of her childhood, whose name she never mentioned, and in whose welfare our young advocate seemed all at once so deeply interested. This very interest induced your fair client to make fresh blunders. She forgot at times the severity of the laws of sytanx, and to proffer her complaints in the third person. This of itself might well throw a little confusion into her narrative: but as you appeared, nevertheless, to follow it with marvellous rapidity, I was too discreet to appear to understand these half-whispered confidences. There now remains an indistinct recollection in my brain, that the young beauty complained of some domestic tyranny, and that in certain traits of your character and conversation, perhaps too in the kind expression of countenance that listened to her tale, she had gathered sufficient courage to shake off the yoke, if you would only lend her a little assistance.

"That is exactly it, and you saw through me. Every word on this subject that issued from the lips of the charming speaker had so much of the subtlety of an allegory, that I myself hardly dared to peep beneath their surface. I feared the fate of Ixion, who followed after a mere cloud, and therefore forced myself to be reserved. While we were changing horses at Thiviers, and you were pointing out to the aged companion of my client—one of those large folds in which the sheep are sheltered during the cold weather—and the smile that now plays on your lips proves how charitable was your diversion—I spoke of Bordeaux; of the hours at which a person might walk through the palace *à propos*; of the ease with which her friend could then give me her instructions in the midst of the crowd, and, without any risk, even though she were watched by a father, a guardian, or a husband—it was only necessary to drop a flower, such as the one she held in her hand. If silence be no reply, she did not reply. But all the rest of the time that the coach rolled along the paved road until the fair traveller's companion announced the Tower of Vesune, our eyes, whenever they met, glanced together at the artificial flower."

"While we were waiting for you on the morrow," I then observed to Vergniaud, "when the crack of the postillion's whip resounded through the Inn, I was tormented to death by the restlessness of that young woman. She did not speak of you, it is true; but her lingering behind, her slow movements, her absurd difficulties, in order to retard our departure, sufficiently indicated what was passing in her mind. From Perigneux to Mussidan, although the snow was falling thick and fast, she found infinite pleasure in gazing at the landscape, but failed to inspire the like enthusiasm in her companion, who wrapped himself close in his warm cloak, and grumbled at women's caprices. You commenced with infidelity before arriving at the declaration."

"It was my only one. At Limoges, when Delisle de Sales, escaping from the congregation of the Oratoire, stopped some weeks with my father, the perfume of excellent studies that transpired in his slightest observations, completely detached me from my connection with two or three of the belles of the town. A friend has always sufficed to make me forget a woman, and the greatest pleasures I have ever experienced are those of the mind. With Homer and Virgil, Delisle de Sales might have led me to the other end of the world, and in our dreams on the happiness of mankind, as we

stepped across the fields, it generally came about, that I ceased to remember any one person in particular. Something of the same kind awaited me at Perigneux. They were keeping Twelfth Night at my foster sister's. Her husband and children and friends would not allow me to leave them, and the Canon of Saint Front, an indifferent scholar, but possessed of some valuable manuscripts, entered into an argument with me on a frivolous question of Latinity. I demonstrated to him until the morrow, that he was quite wrong, and I had no time for remorse on the subject of my forgetfulness, an indemnity for which I also found in the warm reception afforded me by my hosts. I shuddered at the idea of arriving in Bordeaux, and of withering the fairest flowers of my life, for that old man's crown they call "a future." Love, marriage, a career, all require activity. The fair sex has a powerful rival in the very foundations of my character. Paganel was quite right when he said to me one day—Indolence will be thy Armida."

"You calumniate yourself, citizen!" I exclaimed, interrupting him. "You have reflected the most brilliant lustre on the bar of our country, and your name will be the eternal glory of the Gironde, even when your labors in the Legislative Assembly..."

"Ah! do not bring me back to my prison, the gates of which I had just opened. What avails this miserable reputation, beneath which I have sunk from fatigue and weariness of mind? Like Atlas, I abdicate the burden of this firmament in which my eyes fail to distinguish a single star. Seek on the earth for a Hercules. My soul returns with a bound to the cherished studies of college, where void of care I learnt as I listened. It rests awhile in the laps of those women from whom I have received nothing more than smiles, and whom I entirely misunderstood. If I had now one solitary regret for those furious contests of the Circus, wherein the athlete slaughters his adversary before he himself falls a victim, in order to gain the applause of a multitude that flatters our pride and demoralizes the heart, I should sink beneath my own contempt. There is no palpitation in my bosom but for a woman, and that woman is a stranger to me! Cicero died like a Roman when, after dismissing his slaves, he presented his neck to the sword of the ungrateful Popilius. Between Cicero and Vergniaud there is an interval of twenty centuries, and, less fortunate than he, I have not overthrown Catiline........."

He paused, as if to ascertain whether the sound of his words had attracted the notice of any one.

"What revives my souvenirs, is the fact, that without these prison walls there is some one that thinks of me. And who then, from a feeling of commiseration, can be troubling himself about Vergniaud? I have allowed all the ties of family to become loosened and pass away, like the impromptu Lycurguses, sprung from the pot-houses, who have destroyed the private morality of France without giving her public morality in its place? People always speak to me of my talent; but will they never speak of Vergniaud's heart? The tribune has been the death of the man. It is only a woman who has been able to perpetuate, in an unknown shrine, an affection to which I was incapable of responding, and this woman must be her—but who is she?"

He continued more gaily and with a touch of irony. "Eight months after that, it was autumn, and Guadet and myself were at the country house of President Dupaty, on the banks of the Dordogne. Guadet, ever ardent and impetuous, and I with my habitual susceptibility of [illegible]on and of subsequent apathy, with my fever of a moment and a lingering convalescence. The water was clear, and invited the cockney cartmen to plunge in their elegant skiffs beneath those fresh cradles of branches extending from one little islet to another. You know those

hillocks, the windings and creeks in which are battered in breach by the rapid current of the Mascaret, particularly in fine summer weather; baskets of flowers forgotten on the banks of the stream by nymphs who have fled to the sea. This spot is one of those which my eyes, when closed, retrace with the greatest pleasure on these suffocating vaults. The prospect of fertile vineyards stretches far away; on the monotonous terraces planted with flowers, the broad flights of stone steps descending to the river, there might be seen children and women and boatmen. The maples shed abroad their perfume and their shade. It is there that Venus ought to have been born from the foam of the waters. Noble and charming country, and I have abandoned it! while grazing the foot of those terraces and rapidly dropping down the current of the stream, a female face that I had never forgotten passed like a swallow above my head. Guadet suddenly turned round, because I ceased to speak, and the glance he gave me made me blush up to the brows. However he respected my silence, and soon availed himself of an excuse to leave me free. As I slowly made my way back against the stream, I found that my fair unknown was no longer alone. She was standing between the old man I recognised and a young man of heavy and vulgar expression. Her companions seemed to weary her, for as if moved by a sudden impulse, she seized the arms of the two men, and turning round sharply disappeared beneath the trees in the garden. But in this rapid revolution of her person a rose had glided towards my boat. I caught it with my oar. On a piece of paper still moist I read these words, scrawled with a pencil: "At ten o'clock, this evening, on this spot."

"Well, this time," I exclaimed...

"This time," intrerupted Vergniaud, "I erred from being too punctual. I arrived at the rendezvous by nine o'clock. Never did a more profound night favor a mystery, and I dwell upon this word mystery because I asked myself, even while I was fastening my boat's rope to an iron ring in the wall, if this young woman were simply a victim who only wanted my advice, or if she were a mistress disposed to confide to me her virtue, her heart, her future. After all, might there not be a medium between these opposite extremes? While indulging in these reveries, rocked by the murmuring motion of the waters, breathing the last perfumes of autumn, and passing in review the vision that had so recently appeared before me, as if through the ivory gate, I fell asleep."

FABLIAUX.

The Vagrant Corpse, or the Long Night.*

A CERTAIN priest, much addicted to carnal and sinful indulgences, carried on an illicit intercourse with the wife of a worthy countryman, who, being aware of her misconduct, was thereby greatly grieved. A little before Christmas, when the winter nights are the longest, he one day said to his dame, that he was about to travel into a far distant country, to seek for a brother, of whom he had not heard for a long time. On hearing this she pretended to reproach him with lack of affec-

* *Du Prestre c'on Porte, ou La Longue Nuit.* In 1162 Lines. A very similar tale, entitled *Du Segretain Moine,* is given in the collection of ancient *Fabliaux et Contes,* edited by M. Méon.

tion for her, seeing that he was going away so far from her, but in her heart she rejoiced. In reply he assured her that he would return within half a year, but that he must set out before daylight.

When they came to take leave of each other, many a time and oft did she kiss and embrace him. But no sooner had he got out of sight, than he fell into another path, which would bring him back again to his own house. Then Borghès went, as she was wont, to fetch the priest, and the bath was prepared, and the capons put down to the fire. The priest made no delay while the countryman—the better to watch the affair—concealed himself in an out-house.

When the priest had arrived, Borghès led him by the hand into the chamber, and said to him; "Fair, sweet Sir, undress yourself and enter the bath." And he replied; "I will do so with right good will, O debonair damsel." Meanwhile Borghès bustled about, and ran to the barn for straw to sit upon, and the dame went for some eggs to make her pasty. The priest, who was in the bath, dreamed a strange dream, and fancied himself waited on in state. But in an evil hour he slept, for the countryman was on the watch to avenge himself. As soon then as he saw that the priest was asleep, and that there was no one in the house, he put a rope round his neck, and strangled him till he was dead. Then he took the rope off his neck, and slipt out of the house, and came in haste to his own door, and called aloud; "Open, open." "Oh, hasten Borghès, cover the bath," cried the dame in terror, when she heard the voice of her lord. And Borghès spread a cloth over the bath, and bade the priest remain quiet, and not make any noise, for ill would it fare with him if he were found. No answer did he return, but kept silent.

The dame then ran to the door and let in her lord, who rejoiced not a little at the sight of the good cheer. "Sister," said he, "I see that much pleasure awaits me to-night." "Sir, may you have still greater, but I felt sure that you would return to-day, and therefore I made ready this feast." "You have done well,' he answered, "and I commend you for it. But see, every thing seems ready, and I am dying of hunger." "Sit down then," she said, "on this pallet of straw, and I will serve up to you." So the capons were brought from the fire, and also the tart, and the countryman eat heartily, and afterwards retired to rest.

Meanwhile his wife hastened to the priest, of whom she had many a time thought. "How fare you, sweet sir?" softly she inquired. "Truly you have been ill-served. Would that that false villain were flayed alive for returning so soon! Surely the devil himself must have brought him back." When she found he did not reply, she placed her hand on his shoulder, and thus continued. "What means this? Not one word? My sweet sir, my fair friend, are you angry that I tarried so long? The wretch kept me so close. My heart and my soul detest him, but glad am I to wait upon you in all things. Why then do you not speak to me?"

Thus she spoke, but he made no reply. Then she drew close to him, and kissed him, and tickled and pinched, and shook him. And Borghès came up and asked what was the matter. "Alas! Borghès," she answered, "he despises me so much, that he will not even deign to notice me. Soon shall I die of grief and shame, since he to whom I have given my love will not look upon me.' All this time the countryman was watching and listening, and though he heard his wife's ravings, he said not a word. And thus she began again. "How is this, Sir? What can it be? Can you not open your eyes? Borghès, verily this priest must be ill, or else he is sadly ill-mannered not to reply." "Believe me, dame," answered the maid "he neither slumbers nor sleeps. If ever man were dead, assuredly this one is not alive.

See how pale are his cheeks, how livid and discolored his lips, and his eyes are starting out of his head. If he could hear or see a jot, think you he would not reply?". And the dame saw that it was so. Sorely was she dismayed and grieved, when she perceived that there was neither pulse nor breath, and that in very deed it was a corpse.

"Alas!" exclaimed Borghès, what shall we do with the dead body? To lament over him is useless. Nothing can be gained by that. So cease bemoaning him, and let us get rid of the affair. Do you know what we must do to prevent evil speaking? There are some oats to be threshed — let us there take the priest, and lay him under the heap, so that your lord* do not discover him until we have a better opportunity of doing away with him. After that let us go and lie down."

The dame assented, and they did as the maid had counselled. They covered the priest over with the oats, and then went to rest. The dame, overwhelmed with grief, slipped into bed beside her husband, who pretended to sleep, though he well knew what they had done. So, like one awakening out of sleep, he said; "Sweet friend, much it vexes me that we have no money, for we are in debt to our neighbours. It is time to repay them. Let us then to-morrow thresh out and sell the oats in our barn, and pay what we owe." "Ah, sir," she answered, "there are oats enough already threshed out in your garner, from which you may obtain as much money as you require. Three quarters have we,—nay, four, —why then should you thresh out more?"

"Fair sister," he replied, "truly ought I to love you, since you say it for the best; but to-morrow I mean to thresh away, and whatever you may say to the contrary will not avail; for certes, I should be weak were I to listen to you: long discussions, therefore, are of no use, for I shall not act differently."

The dame said no more, but presently she cried out; "Ah, Diex! I am in such pain that I must get up. I feel as if my heart would burst"

"Rise then, fair sister, and consult your health."

Then she rose up and went to the maid, and told her word for word how that her husband purposed to thresh out the corn on the morrow, so that to no purpose had they toiled. "Dame," said she, "I will give you good counsel, and I hope it will be pleasing unto you, for I will soon put you out of your pain. Let us drag the priest from under the straw, and thrust him into the granary under the oats that are already threshed out."

The other agreed, and they removed the corpse, and then returned to their beds. The good man had watched and seen all. So when she again laid down beside him, he said to her: "My sweet friend, loth am I to vex you—therefore have I changed my mind. I will do as you recommend, for I see that you are right, and I know that before you married me, you loved me with pure and perfect affection. Therefore to-morrow will I empty out the granary, and thence procure my monies; and the other I will leave, since so it pleaseth you."

"Nay, sir," replied she, "put it up for sale, and keep what is already threshed out."

"By my head, dame, I will not do so, but that in the granary will I sell—and do not thou contradict me."

"Ahirs! sir," she rejoined, "you said just now that you would sell out of the heap, and retain the other; and yet already you have

* In the original *Baron*; a word probably corrupted from the Latin *Vir*, however dissimilar they may now appear. It is frequently written *Bers*, and *Ber*, and it is well known that the letters *b* and *v* are constantly exchanged one for the other.

altered your intention! what means this? Don't you know what you are saying?"

"Dame, I have said it. I shall clear out the granary, and keep what is still in the husk!"

"Ha, sir!" she persisted, "the straw will then be spoilt; whereas, if you thresh out to-morrow, our cattle will profit by it, for they have very little left to eat, and much do they want your provender."

"In vain do you work upon me," he answered, "for I have made up my mind, and all that you say goes for nothing."

"Certes, sir," she whimpered, "you act very harshly towards me. I know not why you should. Much am I vexed by it, and now again such pain has seized hold on me, that I feel as if my heart were leaving my body. Fain would I speak to the priest, for I cannot long endure this suffering."

"Quick, then, get up, and go again to Borghès, and let her bind up your head, for truly you much need it."

So she once more rose up and returned to Borghès, and communicated to her what she had just heard. The maid too was perplexed, but said—"Dame, this is my advice. Close to us there is a house which the priest much frequented. Thither let us carry him, if we be able, and set him straight up against the door." The dame assented, and they dragged the dead body out of the granary, and put on his clothes, and lifted him up, and bore him away to the neighbour's house. And they placed him upright against the door, and rudely shook the latch. Then they hied them back to their house, and to bed.

The neighbour was greatly dismayed and angered by the noise they had made, and all naked as he was, he sprung out of bed, and went down, and opened the door. Aghast indeed was he, when the priest fell against him. And when he felt somebody knock against him, he called to his wife to bring a light, for never had he been in greater fear. "Here is some one who has tumbled against me," he cried, "I know not where he dwells, but sure am I that he is a priest or clerk, or else he has stolen his cope from some abbey.

By this time his wife had brought a light, and they saw stretched before them one who little heeded their questionings as to who he was, whence he came, or what he wanted. "Surely," said the dame, "he is asleep." But her lord more rightly judged that he was dead. Then they looked more closely, and recognized their friend, the priest. Much were they grieved for him, and much did they fear for themselves, lest evil tongues should do them wrong, and lay to their charge this untoward accident. At length the man spoke, and said—"We have newly dug up some ground—there let us bury him." So he carried the priest into the fields, and he passed by a ditch in which a mare was feeding. It was neither wide nor deep, but the beast was almost hid in it. Beside was lying a peasant, with his head reclined, who had fastened the halter round his arm to prevent the animal from straying away. He who carried the priest, stopped close to the mare, which neither moved nor started, and he placed the priest on her back, with his feet in the stirrups. When the beast felt the burden, she began to walk off, and the peasant started up amazed, and opened his eyes, and on the saddle beheld one seated, who had no great fear of him. And he thought for certain that some one wished to carry off his beast, "Hallo, good man," cried he, "you will not steal her away quite so easily, I am not so sound asleep as you fancy."

With both hands he grasped his cudgel, and with all his might struck ... ure on the back of the neck, ... he tumbled, nor uttered a single cry. The peasant began to be dismayed, after he had given him some more heavy blows, to find that he neither moved nor spoke. Then he stooped down, and drew back the hood, and perceived the priest. Truly was he sad when he beheld him,

and he repented him of his hastiness, for he deemed that the priest had mounted his mare in jest. Sorely he bewailed himself, but at length he lifted the dead body on the saddle, and himself sprang up behind it, and directed his course to the cemetery. In the middle of it stood an old Church. Behind the choir were two thieves, who had put a dead pig into a sack, and were carrying it off. When they saw the other approaching, they feared to be caught, and ran off to hide themselves, but left the sack with the pig, and the peasant took down the priest from off his beast, and packed him into the sack, but the bacon he carried off with himself. After a while the thieves gathered up courage, seeing that no one pursued them, and returned to the Church. And they deemed that their bacon was there all safe, and one of them lifted the sack on his shoulder, and said that never did he meet with such a fat and heavy pig. Together they went away in haste to the tavern, where they were wont to enjoy their thievings.

To the door they came, and soon was it opened unto them. "Jolly sirs, how fares it with you?" cried the host. "Faith, little have we gained," they replied, "except a bacon pig. So make ready, fair comrade, that we may have something to eat. We are folks who pay you well—never by us will you lose anything." "Sirs," quoth he, "wine shall you have, cool, and bright, and pure. Never sold I the like. And some rashers of bacon you shall have, if so it please you." "Fair host, prithee make haste," answered they, "for plenty of salt meat we must have."

And the host called for a knife, and went to the sack, and untied the mouth of it, and thrust in [illegible] to pull out the pig. And w[illegible] felt the body, he seized a foot, and dragged it towards him. "Ha, Diex! he exclaimed, "bacon in shoes never did I see. Sirs, when took you this prize? I am determined to know the truth. Whom have you brought hither? Truly have you sought to gammon me. You took me for a child, and thought to cozen me, but I will heat you a bath that shall warm your sides." "Hahois? fair host," they both cried together, "what is all this about? Be assured that you shall have an ample share, and with hearty good will do we give it. All we have gained is in that sack." Then the host flew into a rage, and called them by hard names, and swore he would deliver them into the hands of justice, and free his house of them for ever. And they in an amazement asked what ailed him. But when he shook the priest out of the sack, they started back in terror, and deemed of a truth that the devil had cheated them. Still the host was unbelieving, and threatened to inform upon them. But they persisted in affirming their ignorance and innocence, until he examined the body and recognised the priest. Then he trembled for himself, and adjured the robbers to hang up the body, whence they had stolen the pig. Readily they promised to do so, and lifted up the priest, and followed the load, until they saw before them the house where they had found the bacon. The door was closed, but through the wall — constructed of mud and straw—they dug a hole large enough to admit a Spanish mule. So they carried the priest within, and hung him in the place of the pig. After that they returned to the host, who anxiously awaited them, and all night they sat up together, and drank, and made merry.

Now the night on which this happened, a Bishop came into the town. And much feasting and re-[illegible]y was there, and plenty of the choicest wines. And when the cloth was removed, the bishop went to his bed, nor thought of other pleasure for that day. A chamberlain had he who dearly loved a salt herring—far more, indeed, than the fattest pike—and this because of the quantity of wine he drank. In the monk's cellar he found two casks of strong wine. To these he sat down in company with five others, who were always thirsty folks, nor were

they ever surprised by wine, for well had they learned to drink it. And they all went together to the hostelry, where their horses had been put up, and which proved to be the same where the priest was hanging from a hook instead of a flitch of bacon.* Straight thither they betook themselves, and roused up the landlord, who was nothing loath, for much he loved to make them good cheer. And one of the five said to him,—"Host, bring hither a dice box and three dice. Here is the chamberlain who desires to solace himself with you." "Welcome are you all, gentlemen, and were you forty or more I would strive to content you." "Fair host," rejoined the other, "neither would I be slow to oblige you, did an opportunity offer. But hear now what we want. Go and quickly prepare us some salt meat to flavour these casks of wine, and if any such you can procure for us, a good host shall you be deemed." "Sirs," he answered, "I can offer you boiled rashers, fried eggs, and cheese." "Nothing more do we ask," they replied. "Dainty indeed is he who cannot be content with such. No better dish in the world is there than a good rasher." "You shall have enow, Sirs," quoth the host, "and to do you honour, I will cut some slices from an untouched flitch that is hanging upstairs, as if in purpose for this feast."

So without more ado he went up to where the priest was hanging, and greatly he marvelled, when he felt the cope and surplice. "Diex," he exclaimed, "this is a priest's cope that I feel in my hands. Surely this is sorcery. Never was I in such trouble all my life. Bacon it cannot be, for what devil would have clothed it?" And he stretched forth his arm, and touched the feet, and felt the shoes. "He! Diex," he cried, "this discovery has deprived me of my senses. Where can this piece of goods have come from! Never was such a thing heard of in the land of Britain, or elsewhere. It is a man, for here are his arms, his legs, and his body.

Then he hastened down and said, "Sirs, sorry am I that my wife sold all our bacon last Saturday. Grieved and vexed am I in truth, but any way I am well supplied with beef and mutton, of which I can make a famous broil, though salted truly it will not be." To this they assented, and he set before them plenty of egg and cheese, with no lack of fruit, and they found their beds well made, and soon were fast asleep.

Then the host who was in great fear, went up with a light to behold the wonder that had caused his discomfort. Without delay he recognised the priest. "Cursed be the hour, Dan Priest," he cried, "in which you were born. Ill have you done to come here, for much inconvenience have you caused me.

Hastily he cut the cord, and down fell the body heavily to the ground. And he lifted him up, and went forth to where they buried folks, which was over against the Abbey, where the Bishop slept. Thither he hastened, and slowly opened the door, and saw the chamber of the Prior open, and a lamp burning within. Quickly he stepped in, and laid the luxurious priest in the Prior's cell. Then he shut the door of the cell, nor longer tarried, but joyously hurried away, for his mind was relieved.

When the Prior repaired to his cell, he opened the door, but his colour changed when he saw the body. And his courage forsook him, and he fell down in a swoon. But when he came to himself, he charged himself with cowardice for fearing a man who did not move. And straightway he perceived it was the dissolute priest. "Sir [illegible]loyal priest," he exclaimed, "would you were at Winchester, or at the bottom [illegible] the Red Sea. The devil himself [illegible] brought you hither. Curs[illegible] keeps the door for letting you [illegible] When did you come hither? C[illegible] you not open your mouth? [illegible] must assign me some good reason for [illegible]ing to recline in my cell, or else you must walk out again. How is it that you do not

* [illegible] prestres à un brachon, ert pendus en lui d

find some other place of repose? Why do you not answer me?" Then he pulled him by the arm, and felt his hand cold and stiff, and saw that there was no breath. "I see by the colour of his face," he continued, "that the devil is dead, and people will say that I killed him. I would spare no art or trouble to get him out of this cell. But what avails it me to wish for help when there is no one to hear me? Well do I know that if I leave him here, I shall have shame and vexation. And yet how can I carry him out? Who could have brought him here."

With both his hands he took down a huge beech bludgeon that was hanging on a nail, and proceeded straight to the chamber where the Bishop was snoring, as people are wont to do who have eat and drank heartily late at night. When he awoke a little, the Prior thus addressed him. "May he who created every being, grant you all good things! There are here, Sir Bishop, many hideous and ugly dogs, that are allowed to roam about the court at night. But I leave you this cudgel, and will forgive you if you happen to kill any of them; often do they lie on our beds, and no pleasure truly is it to have such companions, for greater monsters never did I see." And the Bishop replied. "For such companions I have no desire, for they are not without a bad smell." "Sir Bishop, you say right, therefore have I brought you this bludgeon, with which you may beat them off. Now rest in peace

The Prior, anxious to rid himself of the priest, waited until the Bishop was again sound asleep. The[illegible] took up the corpse, and laid it [illegible] across the bed, and glided [illegible] cor-ner to see what would be[illegible]. Presently the Bishop [illegible] with affright. "Ha D[illegible] heavily I am covered!" Th[illegible] he moved his foot which came against a firm and solid substance. "No doubt," quoth he, "this is it of which the Prior told me. Now have I need of the bludgeon he brought me. Get out there? May twenty devils carry you off! You will find no favor if you do not quickly vanish, for greatly do you oppress me. Certes, felon mastiff, could I but see the morning light, never more would you work me displeasure. Curses on him who let you live so long, since honest men are kept awake by you." Thus he spake, but much he wondered that the brute neither growled, nor howled, nor barked, nor whined. So he grasped the bludgeon, and weighty blows he let fall, till he was weary with striking, though greatly he marvelled that he he[illegible] no cry. Then he sat up, and put forth his hand, and felt the dead priest. "Ha Diex! he cried, what can this be! This is neither dog nor bitch, but a man or woman. Wretched am I that I cannot see. Curses on him who took away the light." Loud he called, and awoke his people. And the Prior, who was eager to get rid of the adventure, hurried to his bedside, and brought him a light, and comforted him the best he could. Quickly the Abbot and all the monks assembled round the Bishop, and much were they troubled by the wonder they beheld. Some said that they had never seen the like, while others declared that he was like the priest in face and figure, but others again denied this, because his eyes were starting from his head. But of his death there was no doubt, and all ascribed it to the Bishop, but they dared not lay it to his charge openly, for they feared he would destroy their abbey. Therefore did they conceal the matter, and next morning the Bishop said the Mass, and laid the priest in the ground, —whom may God assail!

Se onques Dius dona si haut don
A ame de Prestre si encombré.

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Messrs. THACKER, SPINK & CO. have just received a fresh supply of the above Medicines, in Globules —

Boxes containing	59	Medicines	Rs.	40
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„	30	„	„	23
„	12	„	„	9
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SUPERIOR DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, beautifully finished, and fitted with Apparatus complete, in neat Oak and Mahogany Cases.

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COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thraldom by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills, by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system, are of admirable use as a *preventive; but when this* use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, "I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs!" Do you *wish* to know *why* this pain? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually throwing off waste matter. LAVOISIER, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive; you go in this state under a punkah, or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the "tatties," and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system become a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky, and you feel pain, and you exclaim, "What a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties," and then how do you act? You do not as you ought at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you? Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—"You

have broken a physical law: your want of care has caused unhealthy obstructions; get rid of these, and you will be free from pain; allow these to remain, and pains still more fearful will be the result." This alone can be effectually done by resorting to a course of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which will, in a few days, remove these obstructions, and restore health and vigour to the whole system.

DISEASES IN GENERAL.

The same may be said of the other, and almost numberless diseases rising from this fertile, this sole cause of all diseases—the impurities of the blood—and none who have used these invaluable Medicines—" have been disappointed." The grateful aspirations of thousands in every part of the world furnish abundant demonstration that never was a Medicine employed, at once so safe and so salutary, so powerful to conquer disease, yet so harmless that an infant may take it with safety. Wherever these Pills and Ointment have been known they have been regarded as a blessing, and are held in the highest estimation as an invaluable Medicine; and every resident in India ought to have a box of the Pills and a Pot of the Ointment in his Bungalow, both for himself, his family, his servants, and his friends.

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